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VOL. III NO. 185

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1948.

SECOND IMPORTANT KREMLIN MEETING

Back From
Pilgrimage

25 Shipping Lines In Alleged Conspiracy

Governors Meet In Singapore

Hongkong And Red Guerrilla Activity

Singapore, Aug. 6.—Governors of five British possessions in South East Asia assembled here tonight for tomorrow's defence conference which will cover problems of the guerrilla fighting in China and Malaya.

Sir Alexander Grantham, Governor of Hongkong, who arrived today, will lay stress on the growing Communist guerrilla activity in South China which, it is believed, may threaten the island colony.

The Hongkong garrison has just contributed the 1st Battalion of the Inniskilling Fusiliers to reinforce the British forces fighting the insurgents in Malaya.

Sir Alexander Newbould, acting High Commissioner of the Malayan Federation, arrived from Kuala Lumpur today and is staying with Sir Franklin Gimson, Governor of Singapore.

The Governor of Sarawak, Sir Charles Arden Clarke, and the Officer Administering the Government of North Borneo, Mr. James Calder, are also here. The Governors will meet tomorrow at Bukit Serene, the Johore Bahru residence of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the Commissioner General of South East Asia.

A combined force of troops and police began an operation against insurgents in the Batu Arang coal-field area of Malaya today but failed to contact the guerrillas, a police spokesman said. He described the raid as smaller than last week's when 24 guerrillas were reported killed in the area.—Reuter.

CANTON CUSTOMS' BIG HAUL

Canton, Aug. 6.—Ten thousand million Chinese dollars worth of smuggled medicine was the haul made by Canton's Customs officers when they boarded a Chinese vessel plying between Hongkong and Canton.

The medicine is reported to have been found in a secret storage compartment in a coal bunker of the vessel.—Reuter.

Goes Berserk In Restaurant

Monterey, California, Aug. 6.—Gallatin Powers, owner of a restaurant near here, today reported that a "man went berserk" and killed five Filipino mess boys with a .22 calibre rifle. The Sheriff's office sent all available deputies to the scene. The Sheriff said he had not received details of the reported slayings.

Mr Powers reportedly told the Sheriff that the killer, whom he did not identify, went on a rampage in the basement of his establishment at Bixby Creek.—United Press.

ATTEMPTED KIDNAPPING

Berlin, Aug. 6.—Two German residents of the Soviet sector of Berlin were today sentenced to seven years' imprisonment by an American Military Government court for attempting to kidnap Wilhelm Dulles, a German journalist, from his home in the American sector last Sunday. "He turn him over to the Soviet security police."

In signed confessions, the defendants, Hildegarde Stark, 35, and Walter Rothe, 56, admitted their part in the kidnapping attempt and told of their work for Russian officials in similar previous activities.

Judge John Sabo described the case as "definite proof of Russian responsibility for the kidnapping" in the Western sectors of Berlin. He said the testimony showed that kidnapping attempts were made with the full backing of the Russian authorities.

Rothe named two Russian majors as being responsible for several "arrests" in which he had acted as driver. Rothe said he had signed a statement that he would reveal nothing learned through driving for the Russians "under threat of severe punishment."—Reuter.

Envoys Confer With Molotov

BERLIN EXPECTS BLOCKADE SOON TO BE LIFTED

Moscow, Aug. 6.—The envoys of the three Western powers called at the Kremlin at 5 p.m. local time tonight and conferred with the Soviet Foreign Minister, M. Vyacheslav Molotov, for two hours and 40 minutes.

The envoys—Mr Frank Roberts, the British special envoy, M. Yves Chataigneau, the French Ambassador, and General Walter Bedell Smith, the United States Ambassador—left in apparent good spirits to despatch reports to their Home Governments and immediately went into conference at the American Embassy. With them were Mr Foy D. Kohler, Counsellor to the American Embassy, and Mr Geoffrey Harrison, the British Minister to Moscow.

There was no indication whether this Kremlin meeting, the first since their talk with Marshal Stalin on Monday, was to be the last before a Conference of Foreign Ministers, which reliable diplomatic sources said here last night might be held in Paris late this month or early next.

Upon the envoys' arrival at the American Embassy, General Bedell Smith told correspondents: "We saw M. Molotov, no comment." Mr Roberts and M. Chataigneau followed General Bedell Smith into his study, saying as they passed, "No comment."

The general feeling here this afternoon was that the negotiations in Moscow are not likely to last much longer, whether there is a full-dress meeting tonight or not. The Western envoys were believed to be anxious for a definite move of some sort as soon as possible.

Reuter's diplomatic correspondent wrote that the Western move this evening took a fresh step forward in clearing the way for a new four-power conference on Germany "free from duress" on all sides. Diplomatic observers in London believed that before any announcement on the proposed conference can be expected, the Soviet leaders and the Western envoys will have to agree on a formula defining the measures to be taken by both sides to remove conditions of duress, it was thought.

It was believed that M. Molotov may well wish to report again to Marshal Stalin while the three Western envoys may equally wish to report to London, Washington and Paris before a final agreement on various points can be reached.

The next step after such an agreement would be an announcement on the holding of a four-power conference, probably between the Foreign Ministers. No definite decision has yet been reached among the Western powers on the proposed meeting place.—Reuter.

BERLIN CONFIDENCE
Berlin, Aug. 6.—Increased confidence was expressed in Berlin today by high British and American officials that the Russian blockade of the western sectors of the capital would be ended shortly as news of the fresh Western move in Moscow became known.

None of the German railway staff has gone on holiday in case the blockade is lifted suddenly, a British official at the Helldorf frontier station said, and four trains loaded with coal were waiting there ready to start for Berlin. Meanwhile, the Anglo-American authorities in Western Germany today announced a new Bizonal Council of the £500 million I. G. Farben industry, formerly run by the four powers.

The move, it was stated, would allow the Russians to "adopt parallel action" for the Farben plants in their zone. The new organisation for controlling the Farben factories in Bizonia will split up the properties of the trust, one of the greatest in the world, into independent and complete units with German trustees for each sector.

The two present Anglo-American Control officers and a new German committee will form the new organisation, to be known as the Bizonal I.G. Farben Disposal Panel. The Bizonal authorities will have veto powers over FARBDIP activities.

NEW DIRECTORS
A separate group of directors and stockholders of Farben and its con-



Mary Ann McMahon, 5½, crippled in both legs, smiles for her dad, Dr Robert McMahon of Albany, Calif., on arrival at LaGuardia Field, after a flying visit to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes in France.—AP Picture.

HK Included In New Colonial Development Corporation Subsidiary

London, Aug. 6.—The Colonial Development Corporation, set up by the Government to promote production in the colonies and given borrowing powers up to £100,000,000, is to establish five regional subsidiary companies to cover the main groups of colonies, the Corporation announced today.

The areas covered by each company will be:
The Far East: Brunei, Hongkong, Malaya, North Borneo, Sarawak, Singapore. Its office will be at Singapore.

The West Indies: Barbados, British Guiana, British Honduras, Jamaica, Leeward Islands, Trinidad, and Tobago, Windward Islands. Its office will be at Kingston, Jamaica.

West Africa: Gambia, Nigeria, Sierra Leone. Its office will be at Lagos.

Central Africa: Basutoland, Bechuanaland, Northern Rhodesia, Mysaland, Swaziland. Its office will be at Lusaka.

East Africa: Kenya, Tanganyika Territory, Uganda, Zanzibar. Its office will be at Nairobi.

CORPORATION'S AGENTS
All five will be owned by the main Corporation.

"They will act generally as the Corporation's agents in their areas, particularly in the investigation of projects and the management of undertakings, and will have a reasonable measure of independence in day-to-day matters under the general supervision of the Corporation," the announcement said.

A Board of four Directors of each will be resident in the area. It is the intention of the Corporation progressively to have a representative in each colony.

Those colonies which do not fall readily into regional groupings would, for the time being, be dealt with directly by the Corporation.

Mr F. S. McFadden, formerly Financial Secretary to the Malayan Union Government, has been appointed a resident Director for the Far East, Corporation.—Reuter.

Guards Kill Youth

Hamburg, Aug. 6.—Lüneburg police today reported that Soviet guards shot dead a German youth on the Russian-British frontier in the Hattenberg area yesterday night.

Police said the youth, Rudolf Locke, 17, of Halle in the Soviet zone dashed across the frontier with a companion. Locke was shot dead when 50 yards inside the British zone.—Associated Press.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Wartime Rents

THE revised Ordinance governing wartime rents stands as one of the happiest pieces of legislation the Government has embarked upon since Liberation. In effect all claims for rent during the Japanese occupation are waived save where rent has already been paid, and with the qualification that landlords who successfully stored tenants' property during the war period are entitled to a portion of the amount of which will be determined either by agreement or through arbitration. Thousands of Hongkong residents, already weighed down by war losses, high living costs and difficulty in finding accommodation, will welcome this relief from what, at one time, promised to be yet another contentious burden. And it remains to the credit of the property owners that Government has found it possible to legislate on much broader and more generous lines than originally thought possible; for it was the property owners who advanced the proposal that wartime rents be waived, on its part, would concede its right to collect Crown rents. This opened the way for a practical compromise. Government very wisely accepted the proposal with the threat of tedious and expensive litigation which must assuredly have followed had the landlords insisted upon their legal rights to endeavor to recover back rents. The Bill as it stands is an excellent example of equity based on commonsense, and might well be taken as a yardstick in respect of other settlement problems arising from the Japanese occupation. Every body associated with this legislation has reason to feel satisfied.

Chance For Peace

THE move by the Israeli Government to set in motion peace talks with the Arabs is not altogether surprising. The uncomfortable truce imposed by United Nations cannot go on indefinitely and a peace pact at this time would undoubtedly be more beneficial to the Jews than one enforced as a result of further fighting. The State of Israel is a fact, and to the Jews the only matters of great moment now are recognition of that State by the Arabs and the right to resume immigration. Foreign Minister Moshe Shertok is quoted as saying that the right to lay claim to Jerusalem, but it is unlikely that Count Bernadotte can bring the Arabs to the peace conference table that the Israeli Government would make a peace pact wholly contingent on that issue; more so when it is remembered that the United Nations' mediator has already advanced a plan for the demilitarisation of the Holy City and its temporary administration by UN. In the 300,000 Arab refugees now under their control in various parts of Palestine, the Israeli Government possesses a powerfully persuasive argument why the Arabs should be willing to come to the peace conference table. The Arabs have already confessed that the return of these refugees to their homes is a paramount necessity, and the Jews could go a long way towards confirming their good faith over the peace proposal by releasing the refugees on the understanding that the Arabs would be willing seriously to discuss peace terms. For the first time there appears to be a real chance of bringing the Palestine hostilities to a permanent end, and it would be a thousand pities if the opportunity were thrown away for want of a mild conciliatory spirit on either side.

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General Clay—U.S. Commander in Berlin reports to Washington, American B-29 fly to England, Anti-Communist Rally in Berlin, Third Party Nominates Wallace, U.S. Olympic athletes arrive in England, Olympic Torch starts trip from Greece to London, etc. etc. etc.

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I wonder who's kissing her now
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Starring **LAUREL**
OLIVER HARDY
to make you SCREAM with love
JITTERBUGS
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SUNDAY EXTRA SHOW "GOING MY WAY"

Hitchcock tells secrets

BY MILTON SHULMAN



HITCHCOCK
"Young and Innocent."



HITCHCOCK
"The Lady Vanishes."

IF in the cinema you find yourself tense on the edge of the seat, your throat dry, the palms of your hands cold, and a peculiar tingling sensation dancing up and down your spine, in all probability you are being worked upon by Mr Alfred Hitchcock.

For films like *The Lodger*, *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, *The Lady Vanishes* and *Rebecca* have established Mr Hitchcock as the acknowledged master of suspense in the cinematic world.

How is it done? According to Hitchcock it is almost absurdly simple.

"Merely give the audience all the information you have instead of the actor," he said in London, where he has just arrived to direct a new film for an American company.

"Thus, if you show a man walking along the street and about 100

feet away you indicate an open manhole all you need do is cut from the approaching man to the manhole two or three times. Until the actor falls into that manhole your audience should be stiff with suspense."

Such simplification is typical of the Hitchcock method. To him cinematic effects are not attained by inexplicable feats of ethereal and intellectual legerdemain but by the application of shrewd, intuitive, and practical doses of common sense. In other words, Mr. Hitchcock is not so much the artistic genius as he is the super-craftsman.

Eschews Subtlety

"The public go to the movies for escape and relaxation, not for intellectual exercise," says Mr. Hitchcock, and this theory dominates his technique. He eschews subtlety and strips his plots of all superficial and abstruse details.

His fallacy: "A film must have a simple, uncomplicated story and should not be too long. It is not like a book, which can be picked up and put down again, or a play which is broken up into acts. I think the ideal film length is about an hour and 20 minutes."

To Hitchcock a film is primarily a director's achievement. Actors are a necessary evil. "In the silent days we could talk them through a scene. Now it is a little more difficult, but we can still make good films with mediocre actors," he told me.

On the question of stars he figuratively shrugs his shoulders. "A star won't help a bad film," he says, "but a good film undoubtedly makes more money. If it has a well-known actor in the cast. The cinema-going public somehow got more out of a story if they can share their agonising experiences with one of their favourites."

Hitchcock's girls have become as much a national institution as W. G. Grace's beard. Not only is it the trade mark of his pictures the girls surreptitiously in and out of every film he makes) but its constant variations have become a matter of journalistic concern on both sides of the Atlantic.

Telephone Booth

Well, under average height, he now weighs between 14 and 15st. This makes him look somewhat like a telephone booth in a blue serge suit. But to reach even these generous dimensions Hitchcock had to diet his way down from the 20st, he carried about with him when he first went to America in 1939.

"The secret is self-denial," Hitchcock explained. "I've given up starches and drinks and I carefully select my food. I can tell you the exact caloric content of every meal I eat."

Hitchcock's career reads like chapter headings in a book on *How To Make Films*. At the age of 15 he was forced to give up his art studies when his father, who was in the fruit and poultry business, died. His first job was writing subtitles like "Came the Dawn"—or—"Heart spoke to heart in the hush of the evening" in the old silent films.

Then he quickly moved up the ladder of cinema production from art director to scenario director, to cameraman, to cutter, to assistant director and finally to director and producer.

Very Non-Critical

By 1937, at the age of 37, with such pictures as *The Lodger*, *The Ring*, *Blackmail* and *The Thirty-Nine Steps* to his credit, he was acknowledged as Britain's greatest director and received a reputed £15,000 a year to prove it.

Hitchcock admits that he is a very non-critical film-goer and that he enjoys almost anything he sees. "But I seldom go to the cinema."

When an American producer learned this astonishing news he asked again, "But where do you get your ideas?"

That remark probably explains why Hollywood turns out so many bad films and Hitchcock turns out so many good ones.

Dear Mr. Dickens..

A letter to the author of 'Oliver Twist' by JOHN PREBBLE

SIR,—You have been receiving considerable publicity as the author of the Book of the Film.

In a period of screen violence, abduction, murder, earthquakes, Indian and Maori risings, and a middle-class poisoning contributed by Aldous Huxley, your share has not gone unnoticed. You have inspired a great British film.

I do not think your disembodied state should prevent you from seeing David Lean's *'Oliver Twist'*. But I feel I must warn you.

Your story is there, episodic whittled down, cut and sharpened into a masterpiece of film-form.

Your characters are there, notably that man Fagin.

Hook-nosed, hisping, evil and tragicomic, he is brilliantly played by Alec Guinness.

He has given life to the twisted lines of your first illustrator, George Cruikshank.

There is also little Oliver, whom, I confess, I had always detested, but for whom, through the sensitive portrayal of nine-year-old John Howard Davies, I have now learned sympathy and understanding.

Robert Newton gives to Bill Sikes a willing-eye, tortured mixture of brutality and blistered passion.

You will find the Artful Dodger a shadow of what you intended, and perhaps that insufferably good man, Mr. Brownlow (Henry Stephenson), will not be good enough for you.

They'll Find You If You're Any Good

By PATRICIA CLARY

EVENTUALLY, if you have the makings of a movie star, Hollywood will discover you.

You don't have to leave home, break into casting offices or stand on your head outside the Brown Derby in Hollywood to attract attention. If you're really good, you can't help getting it.

That's what Mervyn LeRoy says. He is the director who has given their first acting chances to more than a dozen big stars, including Lana Turner.

Take Clark Gable, for instance. LeRoy saw him first in a play called *"The Last Mile"* when it was playing in Los Angeles 17 years ago. He recognised the unknown actor as a potential star and begged his studio to sign him.

Gable's okay for the stage, the studio decided. But he'll never make a movie actor!

"So another studio signed him," LeRoy said. "This proves that an actor with talent will be discovered by somebody some time."

Lana Turner

Then there's Lana Turner. She was a Hollywood high school student when a talent scout spotted her in a store and marched her into LeRoy's office.

"Even then she had that certain indefinable something that we call glamour," LeRoy said. "I knew the minute I saw her that she'd be a great star some day."

LeRoy put her and a sweater in a picture called *"They Won't Forget"*. Miss Turner couldn't miss after that.

Both Gable and Miss Turner came home to LeRoy in his last Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, *"Homecoming"*.

"It was the first time I had directed Miss Turner for some time," he said, "and I've waited all these years for a chance to direct Gable."

But they would have wound up as the screen's No. 1 glamour combination even if LeRoy had never seen them. People like Gable and Miss Turner just can't be kept out of the movies.—United Press.

Short Takes

JEAN Simmons, now saronged for the home-made stages of *"The Blue Lagoon"*, is looking forward to being a comedienne. Her chance for comedy comes with *"Adam and Eve"*, as co-star with Stewart Granger, who believes she will be surprisingly effective in a light role.

Buster Keaton, dead-pan comic of the silent era, has turned backroom boy. He is technical adviser on slapstick sequences for a new Hollywood film starring Red Skelton.

Sarah Churchill has her first film role, as a reporter, in *"All Over Town"*, adapted from R. F. Delderfeld's stage play about a provincial newspaper.

That unctuous villain, Beadle Bumble (Francis L. Sullivan), even wins our sympathy. In the end, how you would have hated that, and rightly.

People will come away swearing that this is the very Dickens.

Then why should I warn you? Because this film is more Dostoevsky than Dickens.

That gentle irony which enabled you to write so lovingly, but so ignorantly, of the lower classes, has been ironed out.

Your sarcastic reportage, Mr. Dickens, has gone, and with it your Marxist sentiment and dishonest melodrama.

In their place is a grim, harsh piece that reverberates the vertebrae, rather than plucking the heartstrings as you intended.

And, if you will forgive me, a very good thing too. Much of your morning has been fired on you in the twentieth century.

Now, instead of your goody-goodness, we have a tremendous combination of imaginative symbolism and marching suspense.

I do not think it matters whether this is good or bad Dickens. It does matter that it is a good film. The bad parts of it are yours.

When that slut Nancy (on the whole a wonderfully moving performance by Kay Walsh) stands on the steps of London Bridge and speaks like a girl in a finishing school, she is betraying your ignorance of some women.

But join with me in praising a magnificent film.

And believe that I remain,
YOUR FAITHFUL CRITIC.

YOUNG VICTIMS OF WAR



THE tragedy of Europe's displaced children is graphically presented in *"The Search"*, now showing at the Queen's and Alhambra Theatres. Made in the American zone of Germany and in Switzerland, the film traces the poignant history of little Ivan Jandi (played by Karl Malik, in the centre above), whose life was uprooted by the war.

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at the QUEEN'S at the ALHAMBRA

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COLOUR CARTOONS VARIETY PROGRAMME
AT REDUCED PRICES

Russia's fear of the United States

Can it be removed?

by JOHN GORDON

WHY are we at loggerheads with Russia? What are the differences of opinion that divide us so dangerously? Do the looming clouds mean that a third world war is inevitable and imminent? In their reply to the joint British-American-French demand that the Berlin blockade be lifted the Russians curtly said "No." And they gave in justification for their refusal a list of "charges" against the Western Powers.

These charges were roughly:

(1) There is an agreement between Russia, Britain, America, and France that Germany should be under a Government of these four Powers. But Britain, France, and America have broken that agreement by setting up a Government of Western Germany in which Russians have no share.

(2) That breach of agreement has rendered null and void the right of the three Western Powers to share in the governing of Berlin, which is deep in the Russian zone.

FIRST STEP Yalta decisions

What justification, what truth is there in these charges? Let us seek the facts. How did four-Power government come to be established over Germany?

The first step was taken at the Yalta conference between Stalin, Churchill, and Roosevelt in February 1945. It was then announced that—

"Co-ordinated administration and control (of Germany) has been provided for through a Central Control Commission consisting of the Supreme Commanders with headquarters in Berlin."

On June 5, 1945, a further statement was issued by the four Governments on the control machinery. It said:—

"The Control Council, whose decisions shall be unanimous, will ensure appropriate uniformity of action by the Commanders-in-Chief in their respective zones of occupation and will reach agreed decisions on the chief questions affecting Germany as a whole."

The basis of Allied policy was defined in a number of agreements, of which the two most important are those made at Yalta before the war ended and later at Potsdam when Germany lay prostrate.

A PROTOCOL On reparations

The Yalta agreement expressed in precise terms the determination of the four Allies to destroy German militarism and Nazism, to bring all war criminals to just and swift punishment, and in the end to bring back to Germans the hope of a decent life and a place in the comity of nations.

There was also a protocol, not published at the time, which declared that "reparation shall be in three forms."

(1) Removal within two years from the national wealth of Germany (to be carried out chiefly for the purpose of destroying her war potential).

(2) Yearly deliveries of goods from current production for a period to be fixed and

(3) The use of German labour."

The Potsdam agreement, signed on August 2, 1945, in some respects revised the Yalta decisions without, however, abrogating them. It set forth, for example, that the payment of reparations should leave enough resources to enable the German people to subsist without external assistance.

In the political field it was agreed that all discrimination

on grounds of race, creed, and political opinion was forbidden. Provision was made for justice under law, and equal rights for all citizens and for freedom of speech and Press.

On the economic side it was agreed that Germany was to be treated as an economic unit, and provision was made for an equitable distribution of essential commodities between the zones, for common policies for import and export programmes for Germany as a whole, and for currency and banking.

HE SAID 'NO' Then the Iron Curtain

How was that agreement carried out? In 1946, when the heavily industrialised British zone was in difficulties because of food shortages, Mr. Bevin sought to secure food aid from the Russian zone. Mr. Molotov said "No."

To later requests he kept on saying "No." In fact an "Iron Curtain" had descended cutting off the Soviet zone from the government of the rest of Germany.

Information of disconcerting happenings in that zone began to circulate. The Western members of the Control Government in Berlin accused the Russians of wholesale removal of goods and machinery from their zone under the guise of reparations.

The Russians refused to produce figures of what they had taken. The charge was made that they had bled the zone white by taking some 25 per cent. of the total industrial capacity of the zone.

The Western Allies have also accused the Russians of violating the "freedom" clauses of the Potsdam agreement by establishing a totali-

tarian police State by retaining concentration camps, and by removing a very large number of men, women, and children to Russia under conditions equivalent to deportation.

In December 1946 Britain and America agreed to work their zones as one economic unit. They declared that this action was forced upon them by the non-co-operation policy of the Russians.

The introduction of a new currency for the combined zones followed as the only hope of establishing economic equilibrium.

THE RUHR Do they seek a share?

So much for the allegation made by the Russians that it was the Western Allies who broke the Four-Power Control agreement.

It is suggested that the Russians, having stripped their zone without considering the needs or rights of the Western Allies or the Germans, now look with longing eyes on the rich industrial Ruhr and seek a large share of that as well. It may be so.

But behind all, there is a driving force more urgent and compelling than merely a desire to loot Germany. That driving force is fear—fear of America.

The Russians—that is the relatively small number of Russians, probably no more than 500, who control Soviet Russia from within the thick red walls of the Kremlin—are desperately afraid that the Americans, utterly hostile to all that Communism and the police State stands for, intend to use Germany as a base in Europe for the destruction of the Soviet rulership in Russia.

Now Britain as a nation has no cause to love Communism any more than the United States.

We believe in democracy, not the police State. We stand for freedom in which the concentration camp has no place.

In any showdown that should come between America and Russia we must inevitably align ourselves with the United States.

But let us realise quite frankly that we can play no great part in such a conflict if it came. In industrial production and in manpower we are a pigmy nation compared with either Russia or America.

There is, however, an opportunity open to us. War is not inevitable, although it is always possible when swords are being rattled and coats trailed provocatively. Britain can aid in keeping it from becoming inevitable, by trying, as mediator between the two scowling nations, to bring them to a common agreement that will preserve peace.

A PROPOSAL Leave the Germans

The supreme service Britain can render to the world today is to calm, if she can, the devouring fear that Russia has of the United States. Can that be done?

If Russia's fear is that Germany or any other part of the European continent is being made an American base for action against her, why not carry a step further the talks on four-Power government which Russia indicates she might accept.

Why not suggest to Russia openly across the conference table that we might all, Russia, Britain, America, and France alike, agree to quit Germany altogether and leave that miserable country to work out her own salvation subject only to safeguards against her military revival?

KREMLIN MEN Do they want war?

If such a suggestion allayed Russia's fear sufficiently to make agreement—and continued peace—possible, it would be better for mankind than life under the present shadows.

And if Russia refused, then it would be clear to all men where the responsibility lay.

I doubt whether Russia wants war. It may well be true that Communism as a creed seeks to conquer the world. But that cannot be done by war. And the men in the Kremlin are well aware of it.

Indeed, I should think that, in spite of their all-too-limited knowledge of the rest of the world, they know also that war, especially at this time, means their complete and certain destruction.

DAB and FLOUNDER

By WALTER



"The Voice" Ends 33 Years Of Army Drill

CAMBERLEY. - Regimental Sergeant-Major Arthur John Brand, MBE—"The Voice"—ended 33 Army years on July 14 when he stepped up to the saluting base at Sandhurst's passing-out parade, said an Evening Standard Reporter.

He came to attention with a mighty stamp of the feet, gave one of his celebrated salutes, and received from the King the decoration of Members of the Victorian Order 5th Class. Its blue ribbon already leads the double row on his tunic.

For on July 14 the 52-year-old sergeant-major retired, after spending 11 of his 33 years at Sandhurst.

The sergeant-major was known as "Old Leather Lungs" before he was named "The Voice." The reasons are obvious.

Whispering Baritone

I heard the voice as my car approached the headquarters building at the Royal Military Academy, and that was maybe quarter of a mile away.

But the surprise comes when you meet the RSM socially. He becomes such a whispering baritone that it is quite difficult to hear what he is saying.

I heard him in full song at the rehearsal held for the passing-out parade. His voice rang nightly when he gave orders.

Then it dropped.



THE VOICE
RSM Brand of Sandhurst

"Gentlemen," he whispered, with deadly calm, and he proceeded to criticise in softly scathing terms the manner in which the "Gentlemen" were keeping their ranks.

All the same, the cadets admire and respect him. "He is a fine chap—although he tells us when we go wrong," one of them said.

RSM Brand is the most celebrated sergeant-major in the British Army. Thousands of officers have passed through his hands at Sandhurst, and he has made his voice known to thousands more as RSM of the First Battalion, Grenadier Guards.

"I have attended more parades than any other sergeant-major in the Army," he remarked in modestly quiet tones.

There is romance behind the dignified 5ft. 2in. facade of this impressive man with the thick iron grey hair, black bristling moustache, with his formal dress and puttees.

Going To Capetown

He was "lent" to the South African Government in 1934, and during that visit he met a South African girl—she came to England for the Coronation, in which the RSM marched in the procession, and they were married in London.

Now, with their two children, Myrna (16) and Michael (8), they are selling up and going to Capetown.

They will stay with Mrs Brand's parents until a job is found for the most celebrated RSM in the British Army.

"I don't know what it will be," said he. "I have no trade. I have been a soldier all my life. But I think I can turn to anything."

RSM Brand is to be succeeded in his famous job at Sandhurst by another Grenadier Guardsman—RSM J. C. Low.

His successor has a lot to live up to. Monty has called RSM Brand "the super sergeant-major."

Later on another successor may be young Michael Brand. Aged 8, he can, says his father, salute as smartly as any Guardsman. "And if he orders me," smiled RSM Brand, "I have to go out into the garden and drill him myself."

FIRST LOOK-INSIDE THE £3,000,000 DIDCOT RESEARCH STATION

Atom Hotel: steel doors slam if a clock strikes twelve...

SCIENTISTS, engineers, and building teams have been working on a 200-acre atomic research station near Didcot, in Berkshire. Security restrictions have muffled all news of its progress. At the end of July, after months of negotiations, Britain's atom station was opened for inspection. In this on-the-spot report, a well-known science reporter tells how £3,000,000 is giving Britain a stake in the Atomic Age...

by CHAPMAN PINCHER

HARWELL, near Didcot.

IN the middle of this sprawling Boom Town, where there are more buildings to the acre than anywhere else in Britain, stands what looks like an ultramodern hotel.

This elegant, two-storey building faces the Berkshire Downs, contrasting strangely with the rows of aluminium prefabs which are, in fact, the homes of the scientists who work by day in the Atom Hotel.

Never have architects schemed so cleverly in the interests of privacy and comfort. The entire upper floor houses an intricate system of pipes and electric fans which do nothing more than ensure that the men and women in the 12 three-roomed suites on the ground floor shall breathe the purest air.

For Safety

EACH suite—the workaday home of three atomic research workers—is self-contained with its own bathroom. By pressing a button, which brings down a steel door portcullis-fashion, the tenants can isolate themselves completely from their neighbours.

But there is something about this half-finished building which gives away its true nature. The furnishings and fittings of this Atom Age laboratory are made of lead instead of oak and chromium. And the refinements are for the scientists' safety—not for their comfort, explained chief chemist Dr. A. C. Gillespie. In the 12 "hot suites" (their official name) 86 men and wo-

men will analyse and process chemicals many times more dangerous than pure radium.

The elaborate air-conditioning plant is there to ensure that lethal radio-active dust is sucked away. The leaden walls of the cupboards and storage cabinets will protect the scientists from the deadly gamma rays and high-speed bullets thrown off by exploding atoms.

And the bathrooms? The effects of radio-active chemicals are so insidious that the scientists are compelled by Medical Research Council regulations to take a shower and put on a complete change of clothes after every shift in a "hot suite."

Warning Eye

ALL experiments here have to be carried out from behind the safety of lead walls two inches thick.

Flasks and test-tubes must be watched through mirrors and periscopes. Bottles must be opened and poured from by a robot system of jointed arms and mechanical hands.

At all times the "eyes" of other robot mechanism are on the workers—automatically recording the strength of the rays to which, occasionally, in spite of all precautions, they are exposed.

In each suite is a large clock linked with these robots. If the clock strikes 12 the scientists know that the deadly rays are escaping. Then they hurriedly leave the suite, pressing the button which slams down the steel door to seal off the danger area.

In these laboratories the first large samples of British-made atomic explosive—the metal plutonium—are to be processed.

The Atom Hotel will also make history as the first building in the world to be heated by atomic power. This will come from the same source as the explosive—a uranium furnace now in full operation 60 yards away.

The furnace—a mass of uranium, graphite and concrete twice as big as an average house—produces heat equivalent to that of 60,000 electric fires.

By pressing a button the operator can boost the furnace to its top limit of 9,000 horse power in a few seconds. A single control shuts it down completely when it threatens to overheat.

The furnace would have to run for nearly 20 years to make enough plutonium for one atom bomb. But

within a few months it will produce enough for the Didcot scientists to work out designs for the massive production furnaces to be built at Sellafield, in the Lake District.

It will also help to pay its way by producing radio-isotopes—artificial forms of radium—urgently needed for medical research and treatment. These are made by cooking cheap ingredients such as table-salt and phosphorus—in the atomic heat of the furnace. Soon Didcot will be producing enough for export.

Two Targets

DIDCOT is a story of achievement. The men behind it had to start their work from scratch, working in odd cubby holes while the permanent buildings—delayed for lack of materials—were being erected.

Now their top priority target is to provide the knowledge and design the equipment for the Government to carry out its decision "to base national defence on atomic armaments."

Target No. 2 is to exploit the possibilities of atomic power for industry in Britain and the Empire.

The problems involved are more complex than anything yet faced, but the Didcot team, under its chief, Sir John D. Cockcroft, is well on the way to solving them.

Officialdom wants to end West End's 'Little Paris'



AT THE TABLES
Outside Mayfair's Red Lion.

JESTS AND JEERS

We seem to be back in the Muddle Ages.

Idealists maintain that all nations should shape the atom bomb. Pessimists maintain that they will.

Fashion note—there'll be very little change in men's pockets this season.

Overheard at the bar: "Her husband's a black marketeer, and she lives in gully-edged security."

Judge: Have you anything to say before sentence is passed? Prisoner: May I please your lordship, can I have my counsel examined by a psychiatrist?

THERE have been chairs and tables and bay trees outside the Red Lion, Weymouth-street, Mayfair, for the last 30 years: you can sit there and drink... just like Paris.

The Red Lion is in a secluded side street, only a hundred yards or so from Piccadilly, but the noise of traffic is only a faint murmur.

Now officialdom has noticed the chairs and little tables and the bay trees. Officialdom, Westminster Council, sent a letter to licensee, T. M. Horn.

The letter was headed "Obstruction of the highway."

It drew Mr. Horn's attention "to the obstruction being caused on the public way outside your premises by nine chairs, two tables, two benches and two bay trees, which appear to have been placed there for the use of your customers." He was requested "to remove them forthwith."

Mr. Horn countered with a letter from his solicitor pointing out that these things have been there for 30 years and that if there is any obstruction it is purely technical as the pavement is used almost exclusively by his patrons, and the public-house adjoins a blank wall.

If you want convenience...

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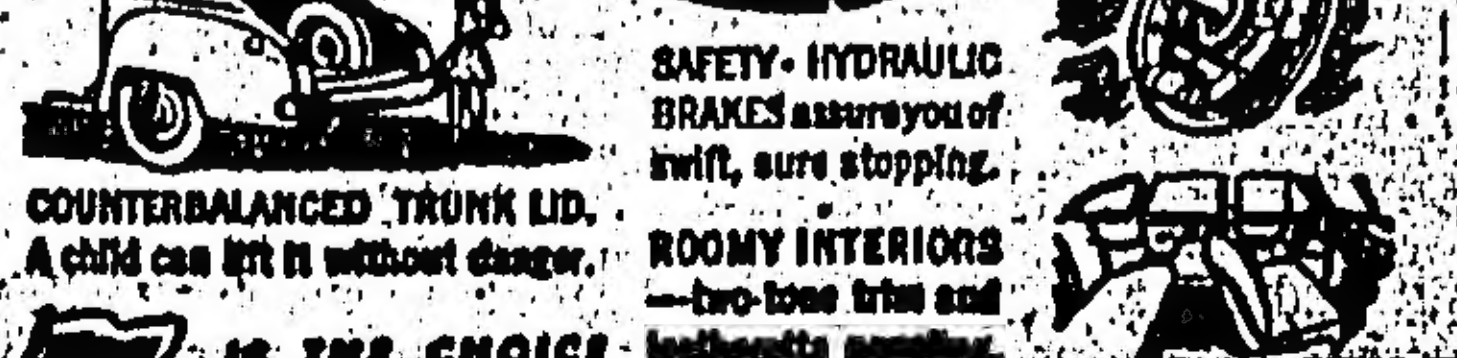
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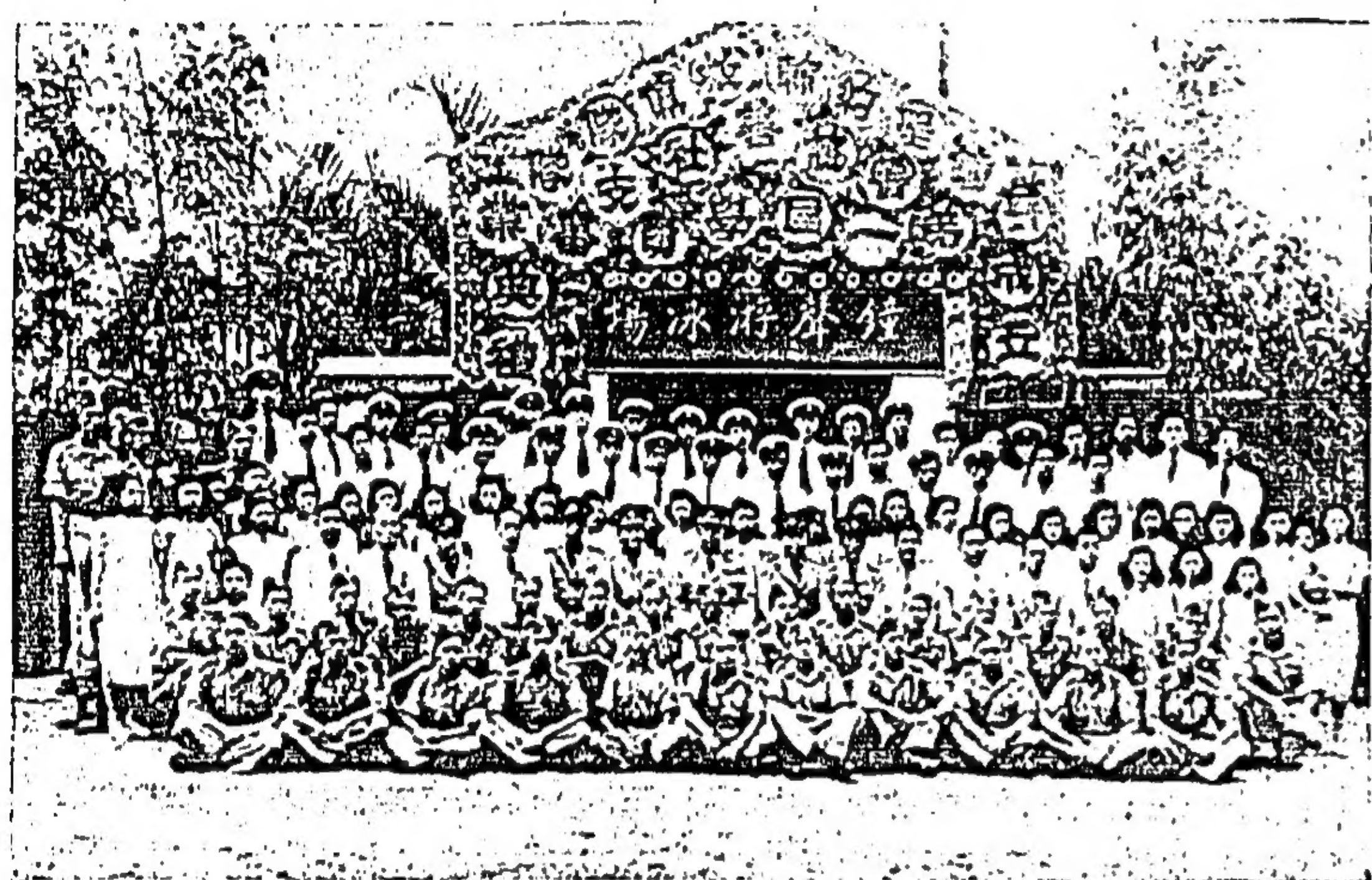
MR Aw Boon-haw (centre) was host at a cocktail party last Sunday to celebrate the tenth birthday of his newspaper, the Sing Tao Jih Pao. In this picture, taken on the occasion, he is introducing his son, Mr Aw Hoe (right) to Sir Robert Ho Tung. (Francis Wu).



OUTSIDE the Registry after their wedding last Saturday: Mr Valentino Novikov and his bride, formerly Estelle Norman. (Telegraph Staff Photographer).



THIS fine study in expressions was made at the joint birthday party given last week for Pierre Henri and Marie Claire, children of Mons. R. E. Jobez, French Consul, and Mdm. Jobez. (Francis Wu).



THE Chung Sing Division of the St John Ambulance Brigade was formally inaugurated last Saturday when Mr A. di Arculli, Commissioner (right), presented certificates to successful members. Later in the evening, a dinner was also given. Group shows members of the Division and Brigade officials. (Telegraph Staff Photographer).



SCENE at the China Fleet Club last Saturday when the Municipal Symphony Orchestra of Manila, on its way to Hawaii, gave a concert. (Telegraph Staff Photographer).



MISS Evelyn Anderson hands over to Nanking officials a token parcel from the 45 tons of powdered milk which arrived in the Chinese capital recently for the relief of refugee children. The milk was allocated by the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund. (CGIO photo).



A special Braathens plane brought to Hongkong this week over 30 schoolchildren studying in Britain to spend their summer holidays with their parents here. The pictures at left show two happy reunions: in the top picture are June and Kathleen, daughters of Mr D. C. Davis, with their father; in lower picture, John Whitefield poses with his parents and sister. (Telegraph Staff Photographer).



PICTURE taken after the christening at the Roman Catholic Cathedral last Sunday of Branca Elona, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs Rogerio Lobo. (Ming Yuen).

CAMBRIDGE
King's College Chapel

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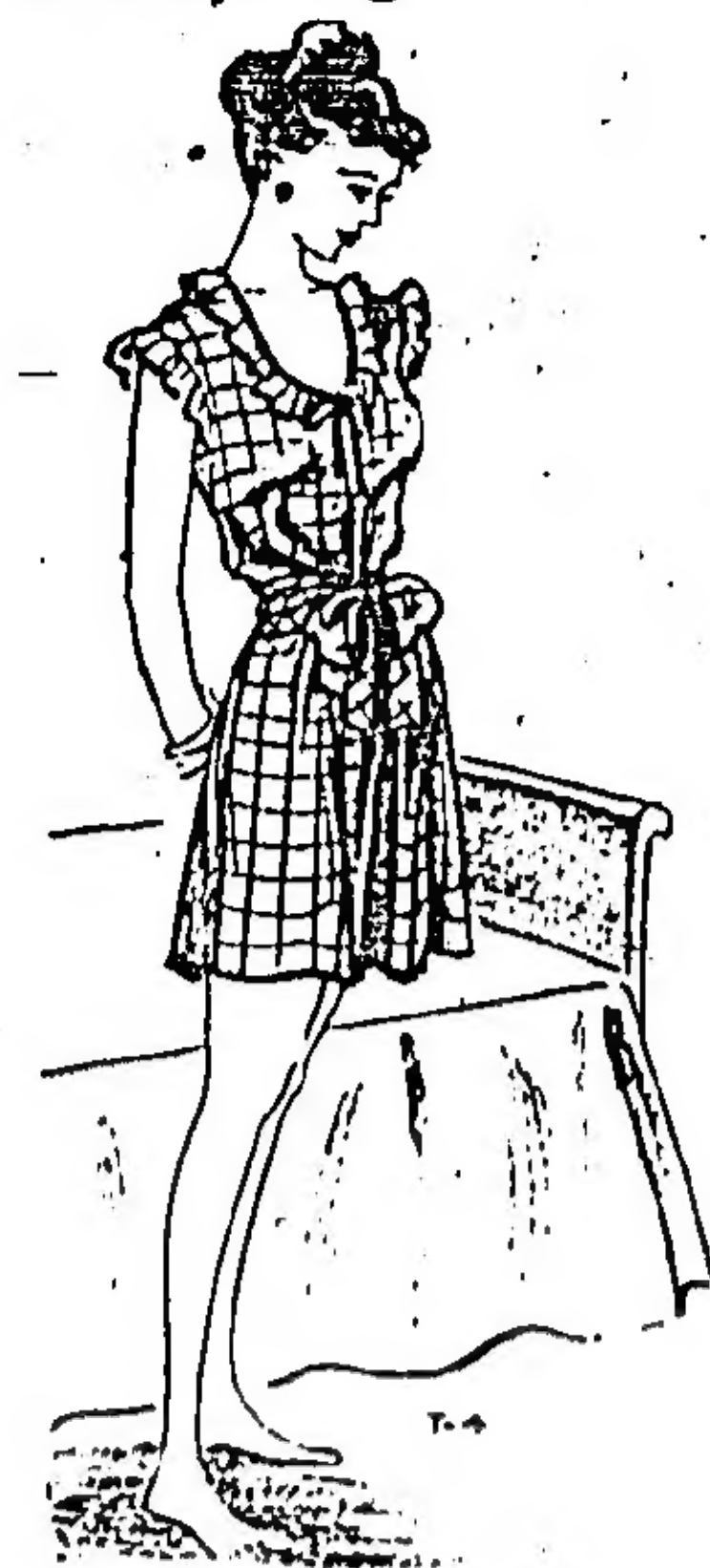
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WOMANSENSE FASHIONS

For Summer Sleeping



By GRACE THORNCLEIFFE

A PLEASANT aid to cool sleeping is offered in the form of short pyjamas. This neat number is of rayon knit jersey in a delicate shade of yellow cross-barred in white. A self ruffle edging the scooped out neckline. There is similar detail at the armhole. The sash comes from the back of the top and lies in a bow in front. Practical yet feminine sleepwear.

1948 DEFINITION OF WASH DRESSES

By GRACE MILLER

DO you know the 1948 definition of "wash dresses"? We didn't. But now we do.

Time was when "wash dresses" meant cottons that could laugh at suds and flap with undiminished colour on clotheslines, in the sun. Now, however, wash dresses mean all of that, and more. They mean rayons that look like silk foulards, and gabardines in plain, dark-colours that look well in business offices or on the street.

So much was seen in hundreds, nay thousands, of dresses for autumn wearing, displayed at Chicago's National Wash Apparel Show.

WIDE RANGE

Not for years, if ever, has there been a wider variety of colours and patterns when it comes to fabrics. Geometric patterns are replacing florals to a great extent in cotton prints. There are quaint designs that great-grandmother liked in her calicoes.

There are stripes in colourful contrast, like a dress we saw with a gray background, striped in white, rose, yellow, and green. The effect was soft, and pretty as a rainbow stretched across a rain-filled sky.

Among rayons guaranteed to laugh at soap and water were dark background prints resembling silk foulards. Cottons, in the better washables, are mostly guaranteed against noticeable shrinking, too. Trade names for this process differ. Some call it "Sanforized." One house calls it "Everized." But in each case the possible shrinkage is a very small percent.

As for style trends, there is a "balanced silhouette" and no sharp angles. The padded hip and the ballerina skirt are gone. The less voluminous circular skirt is going to be well liked for autumn, however, even though the definitely slim skirt appears to be edging in.

SETS THE STYLES

If this sounds like describing high-style dresses that are not "washables," let it be known the wash-dress industry claims that in many instances it sets the styles! By this it means that when a new style looms on the horizon—the much-talked-of and now accepted "New Look," for instance—the mass-production, wash-dress industry sternly rejects eccentricities.

It refuses all the freakish features that it knows from experience the busy average woman won't accept. This has its effect, and is one reason today's fashions have a stabilised, modified "New Look."

In house dresses, for fall, lengths are longer than formerly, though shorter than dresses designed for the street. Women busy about the house want skirts that keep out of the way, the while they "keep in tune" with the latest mode, the dress manufacturers believe.

TAILORED TREND

Neat tailored styles are taking the place of Gibson Girl fashions—in house dresses of gingham or print, and in daytime (washable) dresses for the campus and the street. The trend to femininity is kept, however, in a bit of white pique accent, buttons for trimming, unusual pockets, or the cut of a collar or sleeve.

House dresses in the smaller sizes, and gingham and prints going back to school, sometimes have narrow self-ruffles trimming the skirt. There seems no rule about which direction they take, but the effect is little-girl-like and pretty. Narrow embroidery ruffles trim the upper part of some house dresses.

At the moment, pinafores and sun-back washables are popular. Many of the latter have short bolero jackets that can be whisked on for general wear.

Night and Day Dress



By PRUNELLA WOOD

THIS play costume has all of the newest and best features of the latest creations of the season. And as an added attraction it is a double purpose model that can be worn by night or day, on the beach or for the cocktail hour or dancing. It is a two-piece outfit which consists of a bodice that is a tightly boned, strapless corsette and a wide ruffled skirt with a white petticoat showing below. Jo Collins, the designer, suggests that print skirts be worn with the same bodice for wardrobe change-abouts.

THE FIRST LAW OF BEAUTY . . .

By HELEN FOLLETT

CLEANLINESS is the first law of beautifying, also the second, and after that even, it is impossible to be too fastidious about one's person and attire.

One must be forever scrubbing, scouring, rinsing, drying and creaming if the complexion is to carry freshness and colour. Some day perhaps our city fathers will see that we have clean air, free of soot; then there will be fewer complexion problems.

It is with dismay that a woman regards a wash cloth after a day of shopping in the busy town. And hand washing! Sit in a theatre, don't touch a thing, and when you get home your hands are in an untidy state.

Dust and Grime

In a week's time one's hair is ready for a rinsing shampoo. The silky shafts pick dust and grime out of the air. Life seems largely a business of lathering. Good for the soap business. It's an ill wind—and you know the rest of it.

Atmospheric dust has a deplorable effect upon the skin, as it has on fine fabrics. You can protect your skin against it to a certain extent by using a foundation cosmetic that forms a protective barrier. Friction it in well. If you don't, it may appear patchy and powder will show too plainly.

Better Complexions

Men have better complexions, by and large, than women. There is a reason. They are much fussier about skin care.

Unless one's skin has a phobia against soap, it should be used freely. Never skip the nightly lathering after you have removed make-up.

Before dinner, use a cream or oil and make yourself a new face. To apply make-up on make-up is to force dust into the pores.

Make-Up Tricks

There are certain make-up tricks that every girl should know. It just won't do to splash on too much pigment. It produces the scenic or lithographic face that has no appeal. Properly applied it can make the countenance more vivid, more interesting. But there are always among us girls who must go to extremes. Men hate striking, messy make-up. That alone should convince the women that it is just as well, if not better, to use discrimination. The voice of criticism will not be even a whisper when the girls realise that a little artifice is better than a facial load of it.

By placing rouge lightly, up well around the eyes, the complexion is freshened, made more attractive. If nature has short-changed one on the natural blush, the eyes are made more brilliant with a bit of rosy colouring on the surrounding tissues.

If the compact is used, powder should be applied first and afterward, forming a cosmetic sandwich. A special lamb's wool pad should be kept for the purpose of blending powder and the factory blush. Some women prefer cream rouge that sticks to one longer; it should be rubbed into the flesh before powder is fluffed on. Do little dabs, one below the eyes, one on the temple, one just below, forming a triangle. Then, with the fingertip blend them together.

Powdering should include the neck and ears. When the formal is worn, it should include the shoulders. All too often the facial coating is several shades lighter than the neck, due of course to the fact that we cream our faces, seldom friction in the emollient below the place where the Adam's apple would be if we had one. Ears too, should be subjected to powder and rouge.

Summer Toppers



NEW LINGERIE EFFECTS

By Victoria Chappelle

GONE, at last, is the strictly tailored housecoat. It had its uses, perhaps, at a time when few women could bother with very feminine clothes, but today its place is being taken by such attractive nonsense as the breakfast gown in crisp white broderie Anglaise, threaded with cherry coloured velvet ribbon, with a low, round neck and elbow-length puffed sleeves. It is reminiscent of every worldly comedy that was ever written by Oscar Wilde and dressed by Cecil Beaton.

Even when the designer gives way, presumably, to demands from much travelled clients for neat and plain housecoats, she will add a touch of drama in the form of colour (royal blue taffeta can be surprising enough for anyone) with a row of deep frills at the back from waist to hem to add piquancy.

Fragile Femininity

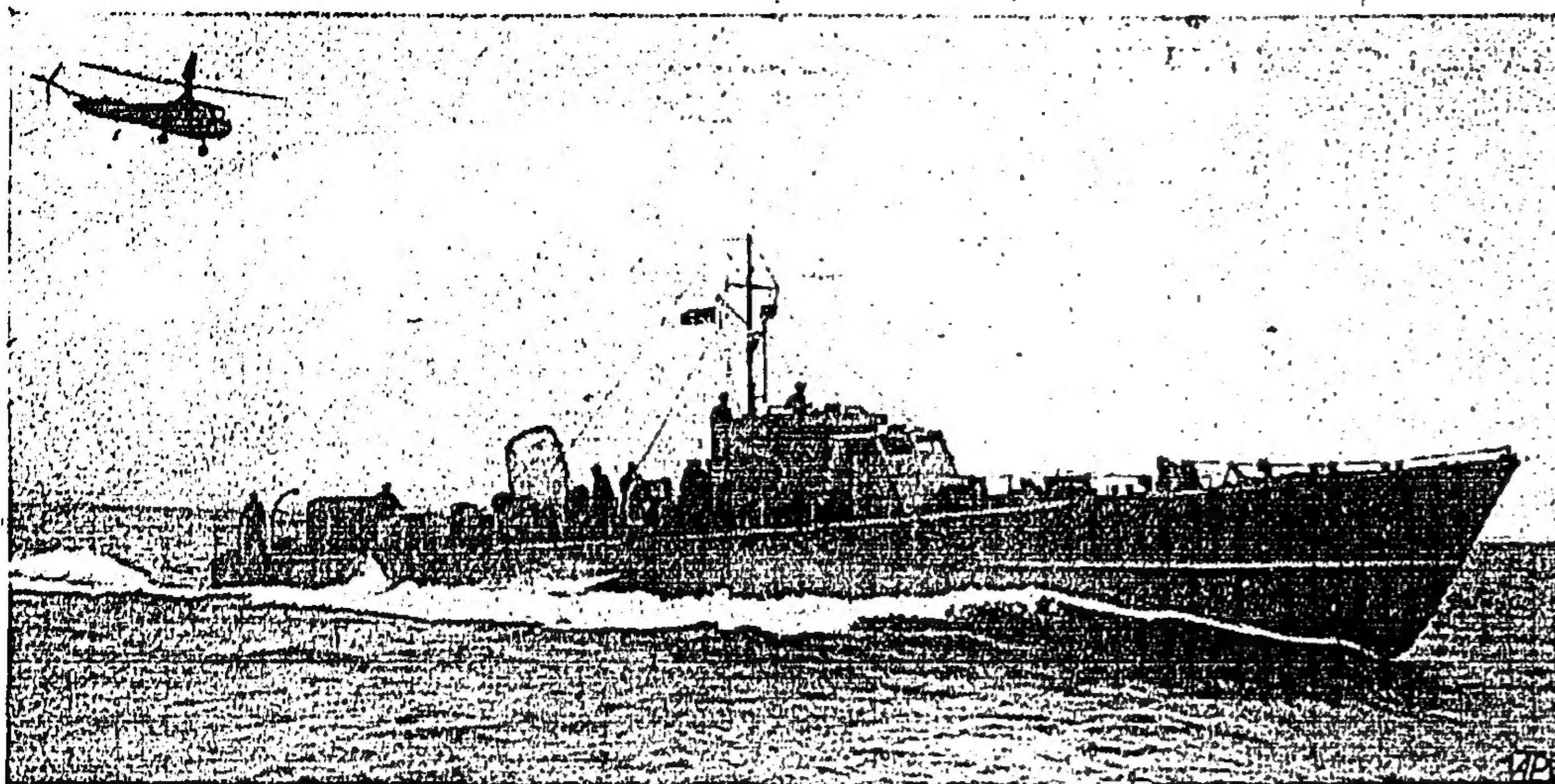
Few brides, of course, can resist the floral breakfast gown finished with pleated sleeves and peplum, which gives her just such a touch of fragile femininity apparently quite irresistible to the masculine eye. Even nightgowns today are made on the lines which are rather suggestive of evening dresses, except that the latter would not be provided with frillings round the hem. But gauged pieces over and bows on the shoulders (these can be pulled out flat for washing and ironing) and bodices gauged and delicately fitted provide new lines.

Finally, of course, there are the little bed-jackets and the snoods which are an integral part of every trousseau, and except that these are getting more elaborate with more fine workmanship than has been seen for years, they have not greatly changed. But it is this type of garment which gives clever seamstresses the opportunity to show that they can do work which will compare more than favourably with anything the world can show.

HERE are two for warm weather wear that are as cool and collected as they are eye-stopping and alluring. The large model is a dramatic silhouette of white, shantung bound with black velvet. It boasts a sophisticated black cheville

dotted veil with a black horseshair border. The smaller hat is made of natural Tuscan lace and has for adornment a long quill with pheasant markings and a pert brown velvet bow. It is worn well off the forehead, goes with most daytime costumes.

WORLD NEWS IN PICTURES



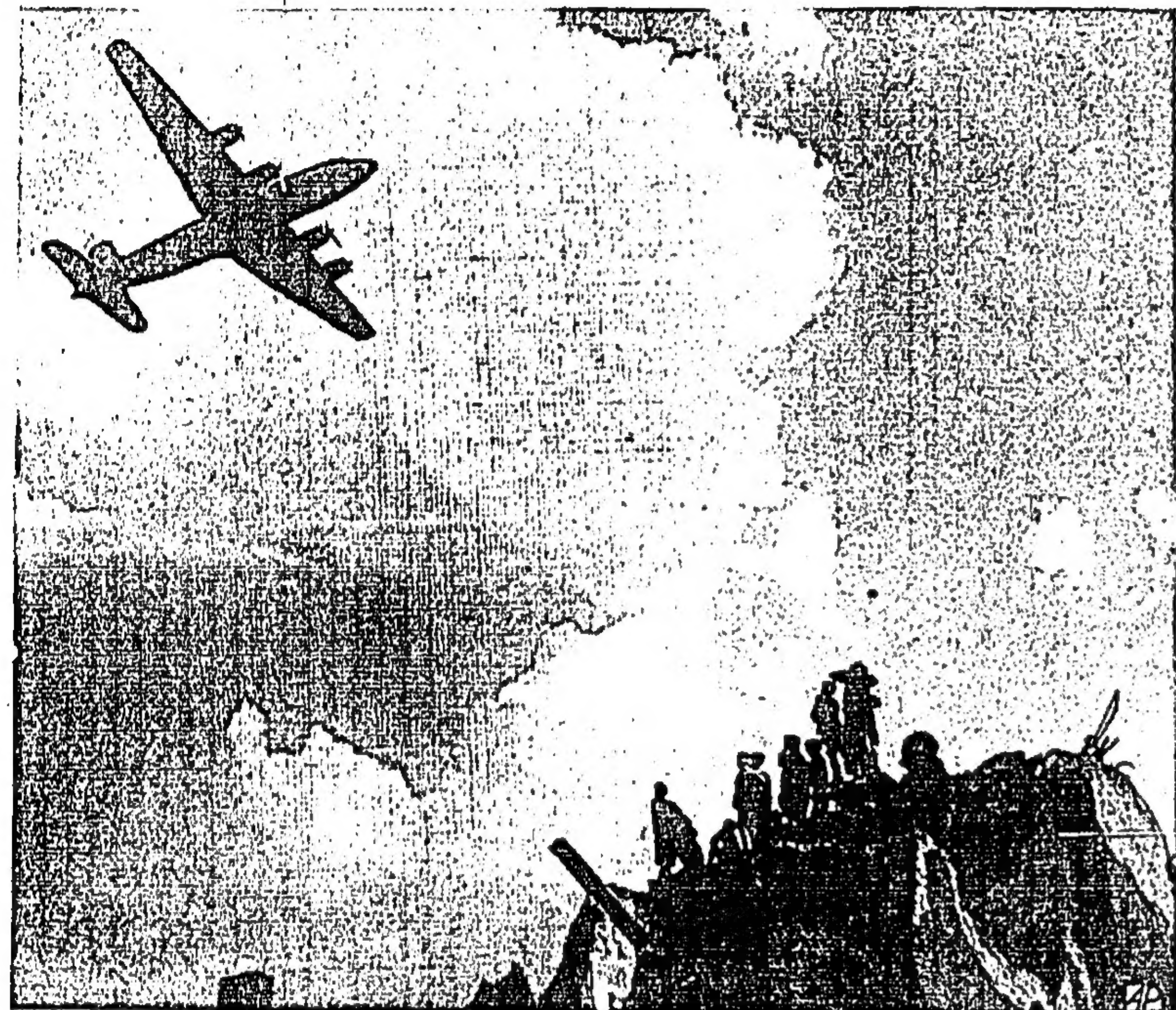
JET WARSHIP TRIED OUT—A British jet motor gunboat photographed making a speed run during recent trials. The craft is powered by an improved gas turbine engine which has many features of the aircraft jet engine, although the power is still transmitted to an orthodox propeller.



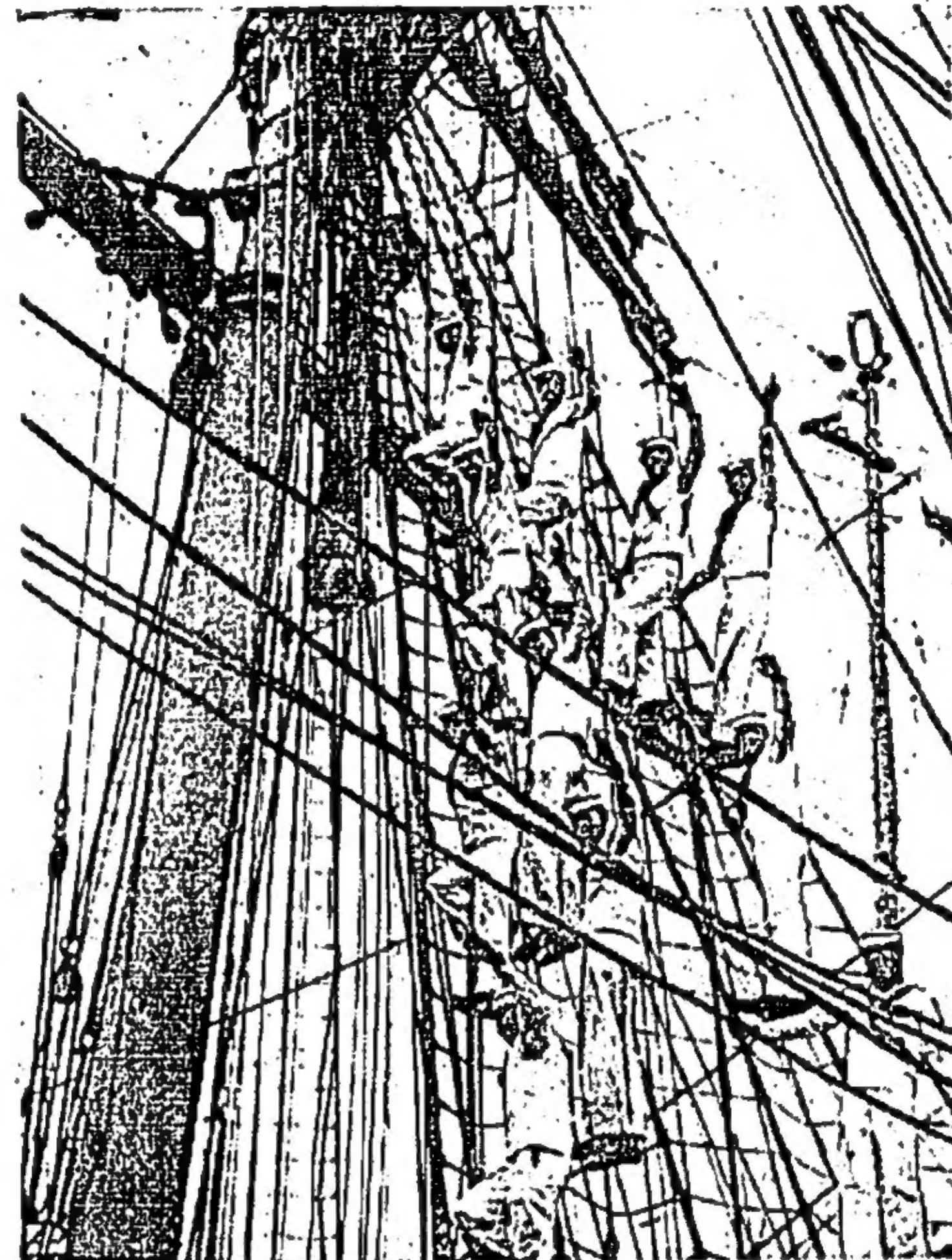
VIDEO HITCHES A RIDE—A few taxis in Chicago are now fitted with a specially-designed television set to entertain passengers.



ADVISER—John Foster Dulles, foreign policy adviser to Thomas E. Dewey, recently selected as the U.S. Republican Party's candidate in this year's Presidential election.



IN BLOCKADED BERLIN—From the top of a bomb-damaged building, German children watch a Skymaster take off from Berlin's Tempelhof airfield after depositing a cargo of coal for the Western sectors blockaded by the Russians.



U.S. CADETS ON TOUR—U.S. Coast Guard cadets go aloft for a better view of London as their training ship, the three-masted barque, Eagle, docks in Shadwell Basin. The visit is part of their annual training cruise.



WINTER 'DOWN UNDER'—While it is summer in the northern parts of the world, Australians are having fun at winter sports. This is a scene at Mount Kosciusko resort, New South Wales.



PORTRAIT OF AN ACTOR—Freddie Bartholomew, playing the part of "Peter Standish" with a summer theatre group in America, has his portrait painted as he appears in the play. The portrait is to be auctioned for charity.



LENS HOUND—Cheta's got the range, focussing for a shot of the front of Jimmy's new car. They are members of the Hollywood animal actors' colony.



HORSELAUGH—Whirlaway, stud horse, speaks up while being held by his exercise boy, Bob Moore. Whirlaway was the horse of the year in 1942. His earnings totalled \$561,161.50.

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BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE

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BITTERSWEET...An Indian Legend

By LEE PRIESTLEY

MANAPUS, son of a great chief, sat by the dying fire and fixed his eyes soberly on the coals that glowed through the wreaths of ashes. He shivered, drawing his lynx-skin robe closer. Outside, the wigwam the wind shrieked and moaned like a living thing in torment.

The boy roused from his reverie to blow upon the fire, adding a fragrant handful of wood from the pile in the corner. In the warmest place, lying upon a pile of skins, his mother stirred and held out a thin hand to the awakened blaze and then with a sigh of weakness, let it fall back to her side.

Famine stalked in the land of the Menominee. Hunter was an unbidden guest in the villages. On the prairie, gray ghosts of wolves hunted shadowy buffalo. The strongest mangle of the medicine men could not bring the deer within arrow range or fill the empty corn bags.

"My son," came a faint whisper. The boy bent over the skin couch where his mother lay. "The voice of the wind bids me hasten, Manapus."



"You are a chief and son of a chief. You must save the starving people. His mother's hand touched his cheek and fell back to her side.

MANAPUS walked in the forest with his furs wrapped around him. There was no sound save the crunch of his footsteps in

the snow and the rasp of the sled. At the edge of the wood, the village lay still and silent.

As Manapus passed, the oak bent down and rustled a question. "Will you give your strength and vigour for your people, Manapus?"

The wind tossed the drooping branches of the willow. "Will you give your grace and goodness for your people, Manapus?"

The maple shuddered in the cold, and cast down its last glowing leaves like tears. "Will you give your life itself for your people, Manapus?"

Lifting his eyes to the sky again the boy stood tall and straight in the pathway and answered proudly, "I will give all, gladly, for my people." Then he listened to the whispering voices of the storm.

RETURNING to the village, he called the people to council. "In two days go to the forest, walking in my footsteps, and you shall find food. Take it and eat, thanking the merciful Spirit who gives it. Let no one follow me, and mourn me not."

At the edge of the forest he raised his arm in a gesture of farewell, then turning, was lost to sight among the gray trees. The hungry people returned to their fires and waited faithfully. At the end of the second day, the strongest among them entered the forest in obedience to Manapus' command.

Treading in his footsteps, they came upon a beautiful trail, unknown to any of them. In great strength and vigour, it climbed high in the branches of the oaks, the maples and the willows, covering them with bright clusters of fruit, the hull split into three sections and folded back to reveal the ripe berry. Thankfully then they took the berries and vines to the squaws who boiled the inner bark to feed the tribe until spring brought the moon of plenty.

Thus, says the Indian legend, from the body of Manapus, from his strength, his goodness and his beauty was born the Bittersweet that decks the forests with its bright winter fruit.

Rupert & Ting-Ling—6

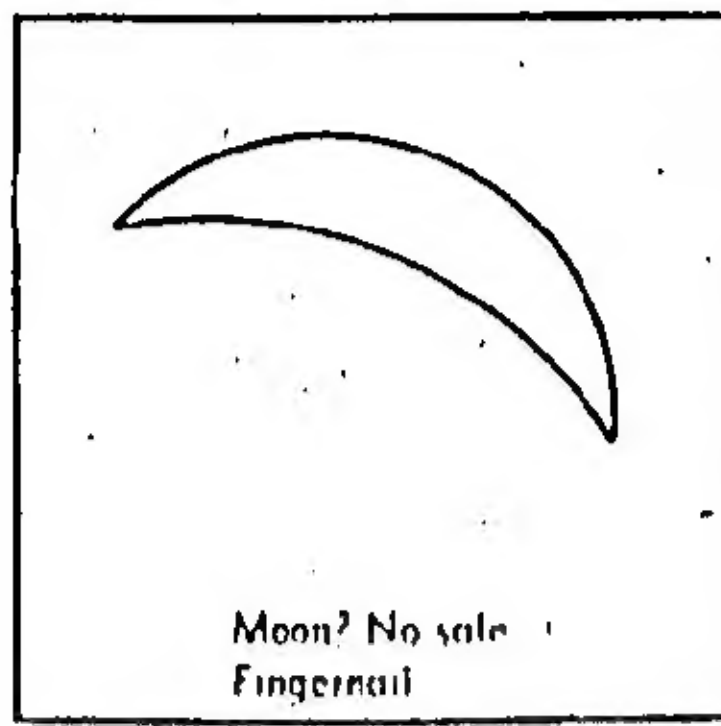


Feeling very excited to think he was on the right track, Rupert runs through the wood. Quite suddenly the strange noise stops, but he keeps on his way, and as he goes some distance he reaches a clearing and sees a stream and a very odd little house. "Hello, that's the home of Pong-Ping, the Pek," he thinks. "He knows all sorts of queer things. I'll ask him if he can explain that sound." And soon he is on the path leading to Pong-Ping's front door.

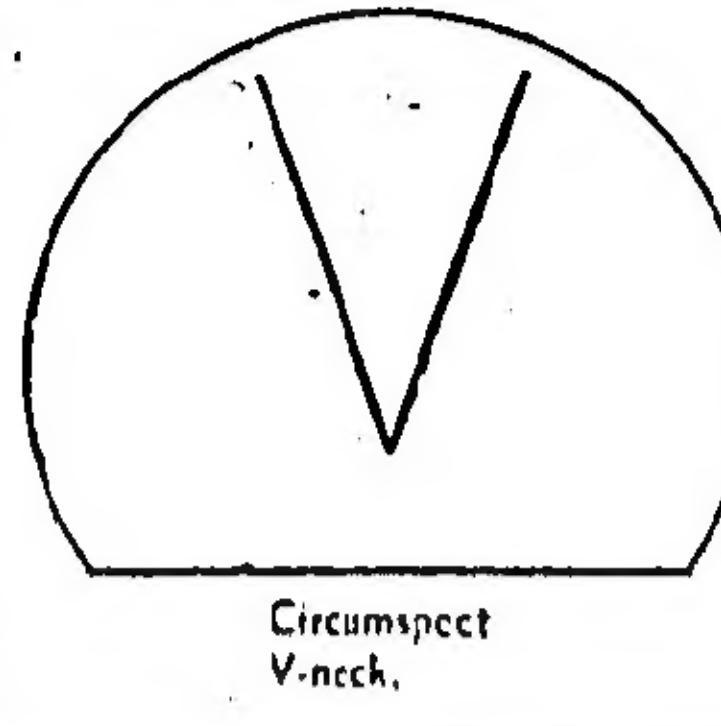
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VERSART LEWETTE B. POLLOCK

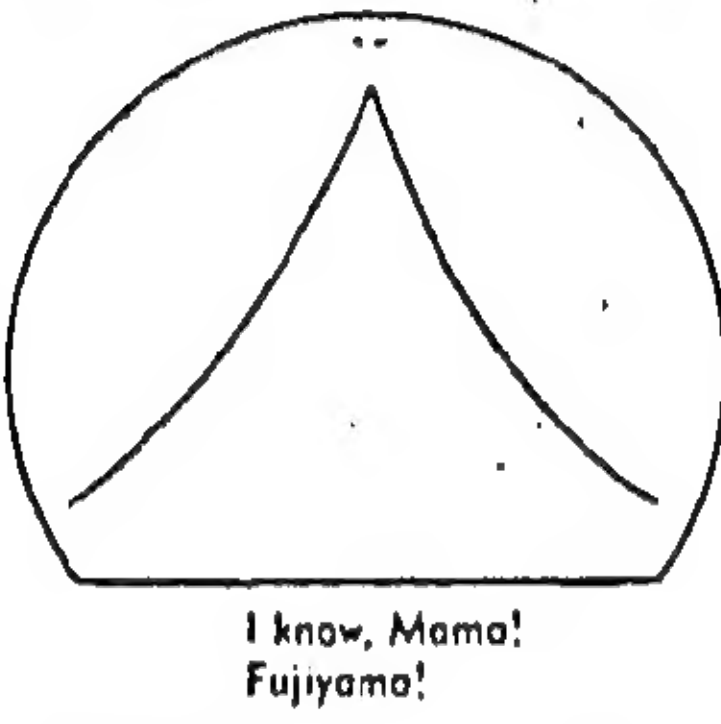
HERE is another set of those curious little pictures that don't seem to mean anything, but do. Try a few yourself, or suggest the idea as a party game. After you've made your figure in as few lines as possible, write a little verse to tell what it is. Send in your best ones to the Boys' and Girls' Page, care of this newspaper.



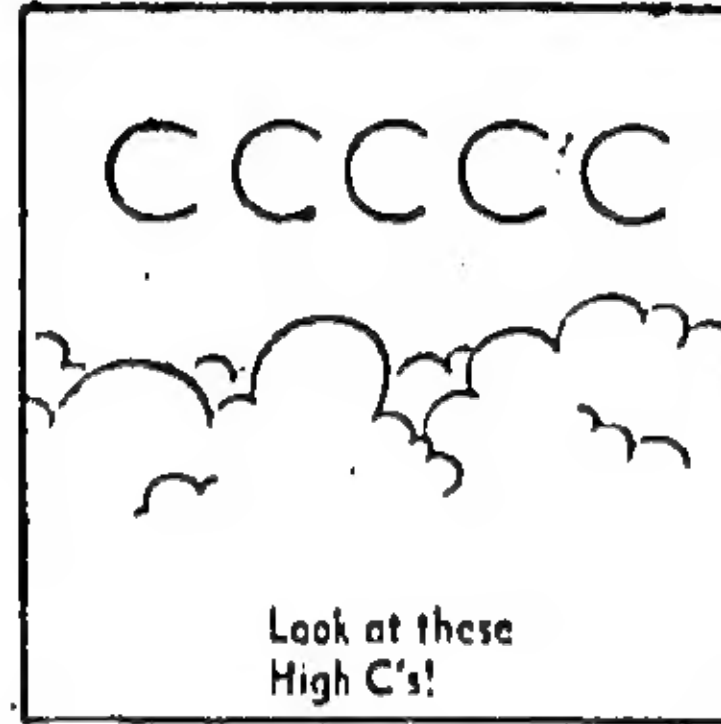
Moon? No sale. Fingernail



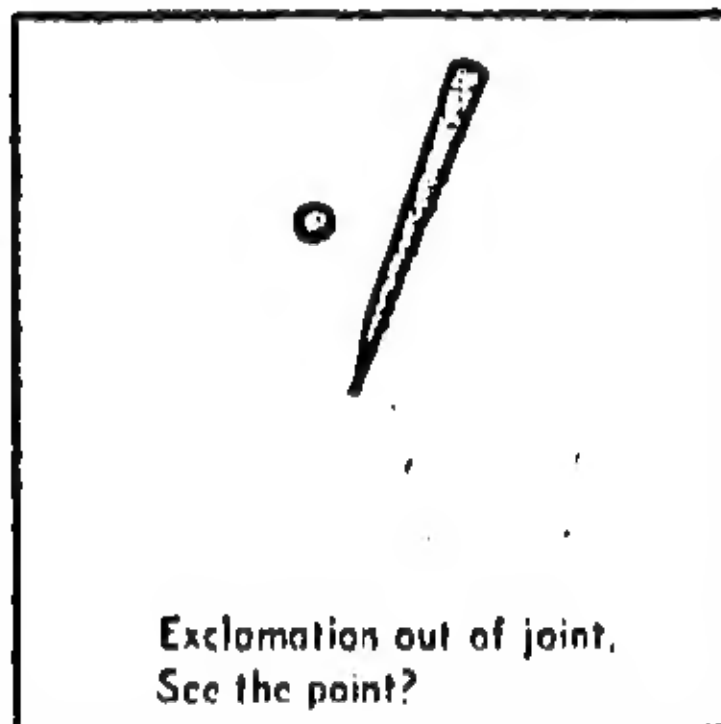
Circumspect V-neck.



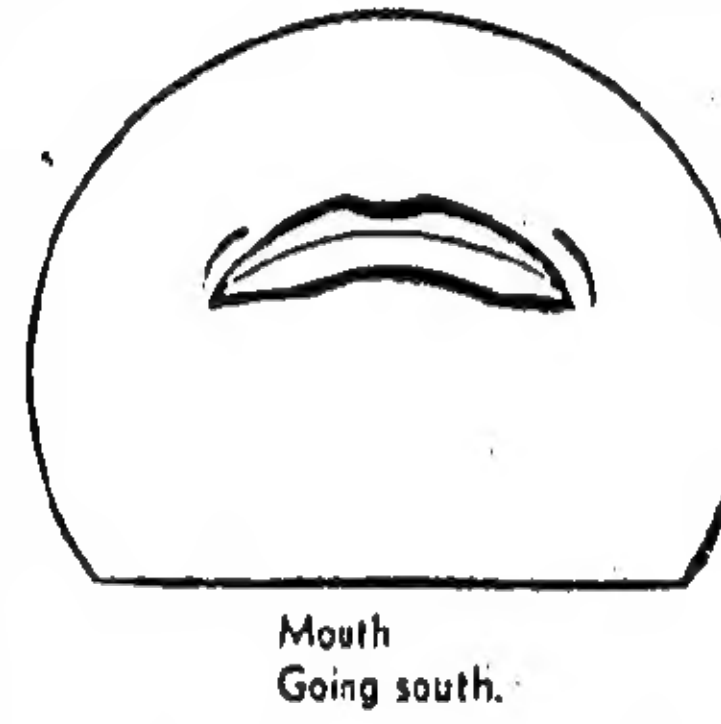
I know, Mama! Fujiyama!



Look at these High C's!



Exclamation out of joint. See the point?



Mouth Going south.

Knarf Organises A Parade

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the shadow-boy with the turned-around, amine, was sitting under a daisy, when all at once he heard the sound of marching feet. He listened for a moment. It was marching feet all right. He could hear them plainly. Left, right, left, right, it's a parade!" he exclaimed, jumping up.

The next minute, marching past the blackberry bush on their way to the pond, Knarf saw a duck named Mrs Quack and her four ducklings named Quack, Quack, Quack and Quack. Mrs Quack marched first and Quack, Quack, Quack and Quack followed behind her in a line.

"Can I join the parade?" asked Knarf of Mrs Quack. "Certainly!" said Mrs Quack. "Certainly!" repeated Quack, Quack, Quack and Quack. "Get right behind us. We're all going to the pond."

So Knarf fell in behind them as they all marched towards the pond. A Big Drum

"It's a wonderful parade," said Knarf. "It's too bad we haven't got a big drum. Every parade has a big drum!"

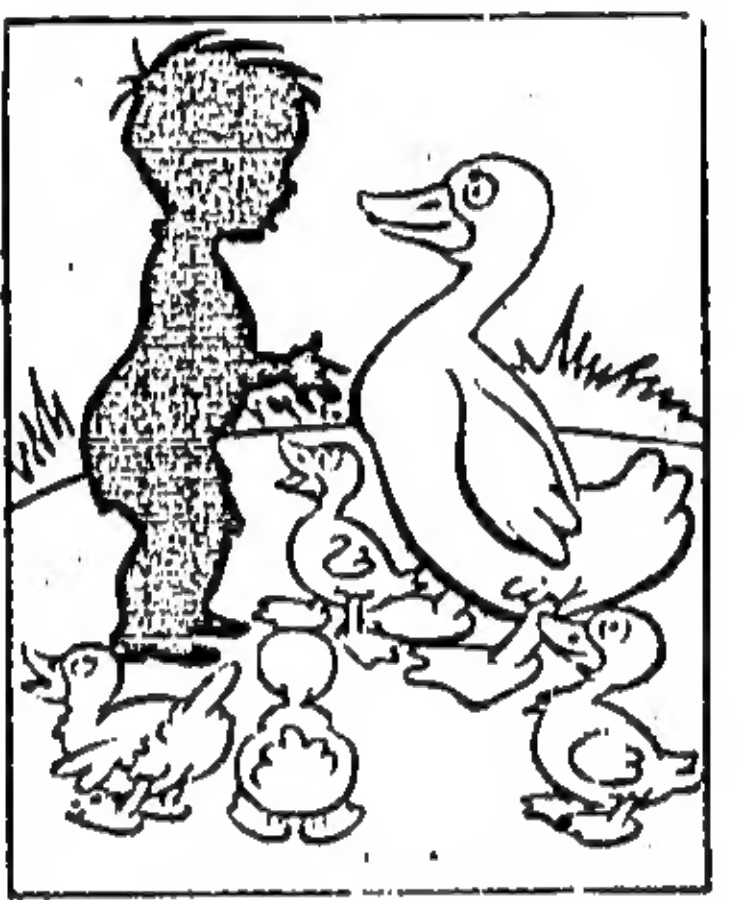
Just then a fat bull-frog, wearing a bright green suit and striped trousers to match, came hopping out of the grass. In front of him he carried a big drum. "Boing!" he went, "Boing-bo-ang!"

"Come join the parade!" cried Knarf. "And beat your drum!" We're all marching down to the pond!"

So the bull-frog hopped behind Knarf, and beat his big drum as they all marched on their way to the pond.

"Now if we only had a band!" said Knarf. "Every real parade has a band!"

At that moment Knarf saw a cricket, a whip-poor-will, a toad and a grasshopper. Cricket played a banjo. Whip-Poor-Will played a life. Toad played a flute. And Grasshopper played a snare-drum.



"Can I join the parade?" Knarf asked Mrs. Quack.

"Join the parade! We're all going down to the pond!" shouted Knarf. So they all joined the parade, making loud music as they marched. Then Knarf said: "There's only one thing more that we need to make this a regular parade!"

"What do we need?" all the others asked.

"We need somebody to march in front with a flag!"

And they got that, too! In fact, they got three flags!

One was blue and gold. One was yellow and red. And one was white and blue.

They were three butterflies. They marched, with their wings fluttering, at the head of the parade, all the way down to the pond.

And when they reached the pond the flags flew off, and the banjo scurried away, and the life scurried off with the snare-drum, and Knarf went back to sit under his daisy.

Under the only one who went into the pond were the big drum and Mrs Quack, and Quack, and Quack and Quack.

Need a Flag

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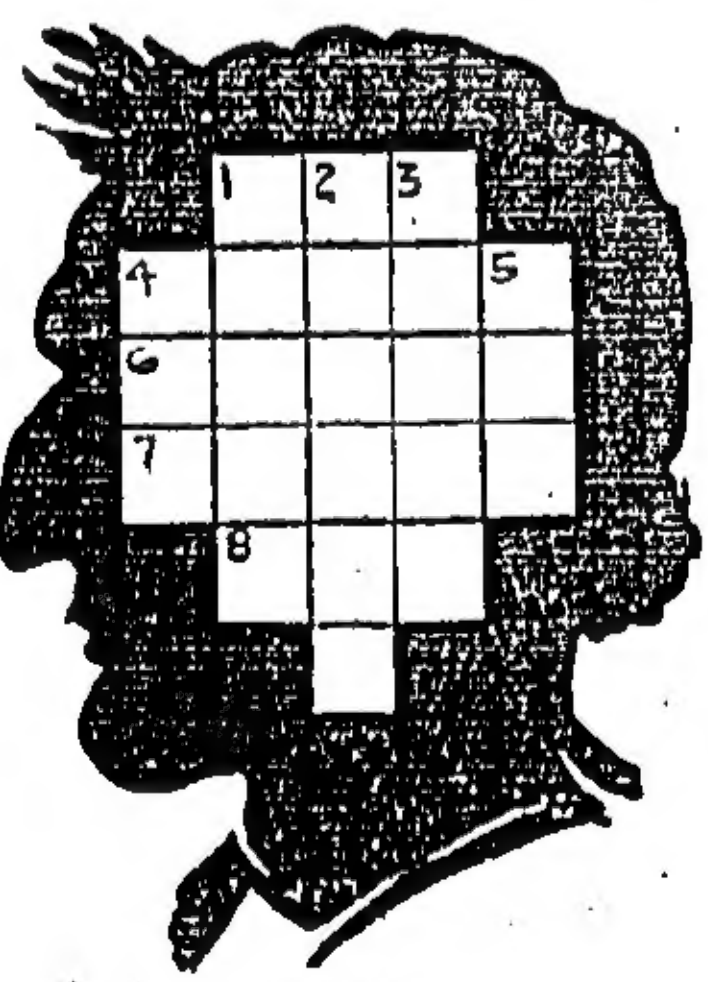
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MENTAL GYMNASIUM • Today's Subject: JULIUS CAESAR



ACROSS

- 1 Perform
- 4 Fixed look
- 6 Puffer

- 7 Insects
- 8 Short-napped fabric

DOWN

- 1 Perfume
- 2 Roman emperor
- 3 Snares
- 4 Compass point
- 5 Measures of cloth

CODED MESSAGE

A simple code has been substituted for the letters in our sentence. Find the code and you'll have a sentence about Julius Caesar.

PNRFNEF NQBGRQ FBA, EPNGVHF, SNF GUR SVYFG EBZNA RZGREB.

MIX-UPS

Rearrange the letters in the strange lines following to have three facts regarding our subject:

DOT AD FUN MORE MONEY ARCH

IS A NEST AS 'AD LOG DUG RAVEN E

CAESAR REBUS

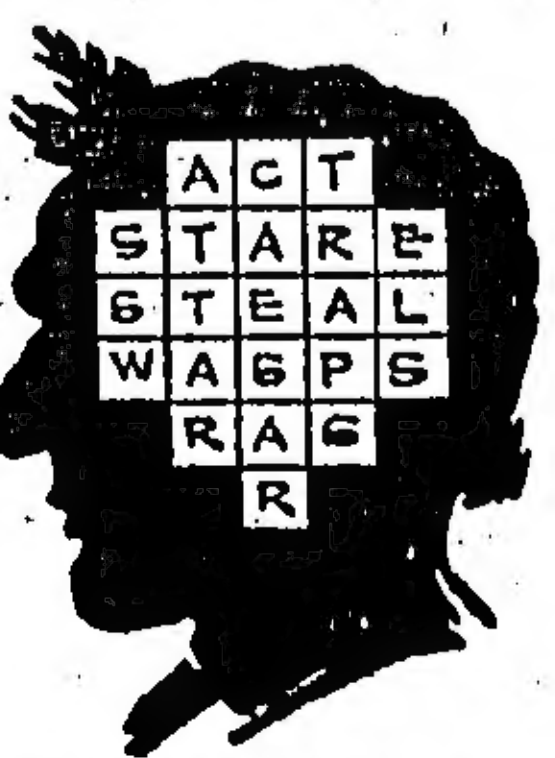
Use the words and pictures to decipher four facts pertaining to Julius Caesar, whose birthday is July 12.



WORD DIAMOND

Our diamond centres on EM-PEROR. The second word is "a Hindu goddess," the third is "superior," the fifth "an eagle's nest," and the sixth "fish eggs."

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CROSSWORD ANSWER:

CODED MESSAGE: Caesar's adopted son, Octavius, was the first Roman emperor.

MIX-UPS: Founded monarchy at Rome; Assassinated; Governed Gaul.

CAESAR REBUS: Cleopatra; Brutus; July; Brilliant soldier.

WORD DIAMOND:

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Experience Means Learning The Hard Way

BY FRANK HAMMOND

THE car passed and the boys cautiously came from behind the warehouse.

"Got to keep from being seen," said Jack. He glanced up and down the moonlit road, then led on with long strides.

The road twisted and turned like a huge snake under large trees that fringed the river.

"Bet my people will be surprised when they call me for chores," said Jack. "Dad can do them a while."

"Yeah," agreed George, "and my Old Man can get somebody to wait at the store, too. I've sold groceries since I was 10. Five years—and I've got 30 bucks in my pocket!"

"I haven't got that much. Done a man's work on the farm mornings, nights, Saturdays and summers," rumbled Jack's deep voice. "But mostly I'm glad to skip the finals. No more school for me."

"Me also," declared George. "We've already had more schooling than Tom Edison."

"We can see the world for a while, then get a job. I'm not going to write my people till I make good, if it's a dozen years." Jack's voice, newly grown deep, was emphatic.

"Hey! What's that black thing drifting down the river?" asked George, pointing across the rippling, moon-splashed surface.

"Hmmm. Looks like an empty canoe," Jack paused, then suddenly jerked off his clothes. "We can use that!" His arms cut the water in a swift crawl and he dragged the canoe ashore.

"This is made to order," he said as he scrambled out and dressed. "They may search the roads for us, but nobody would think about looking on the river."

JACK took first shift astern and held midriver except when cutting to shorten bends. The rising sun found them 20 miles downstream, searching empty pockets hungrily.

"Wish there'd been more cookies in Mum's cookie jar," grinned Jack. "I could eat a stewed crow, but I certainly love home-made cookies." His straight black hair looked very

uncombed, but his dark skin had a ruddy glow. For an instant a far-away look showed in his dark eyes.

"I'm starved, too," said George. "One thing about being at the store, I could eat something when I wanted it—and that was often."

"There's a town ahead. Let's get some," said Jack. "Might as well get enough to last a week, then we won't have to stop at towns."

"Good idea," agreed George. Let's go steady, night and day. We can take turns sleeping and paddling. Maybe we'll make the sea in a couple of weeks."

"There won't be anything in the papers about us running away, yet," said Jack. "But we better keep pretty scarce till it blows over."

THEY dragged the canoe over some bushes, hunted for a store, and soon headed down stream again, with a big box of food in the middle of the canoe.

The river widened throughout the day. Jack looked at George, who paddled on his knees, then glanced at the setting sun. It frowned, with reddening face, when a blue-gray cloud rolled to hide its view. Dark curtains swirled across the sky and the angry rumble of thunder grew close. Night closed in with a roar.

Suddenly the wind whipped to a gale. It tore the river's surface to ribbons. The canoe bounced and whirled like a cork. George, inexperienced at the paddle, struggled helplessly.

"Let me back there," yelled Jack. He moved toward the stern. George rose to step forward. A gust of wind unbalanced him. The canoe flipped bottom up.

Wildly they scrambled in the water. Hands reached for the overturned canoe. Its bottom was slippery. Their shoes and clothes weighted them down. Wind, waves and rain fought against them. Frantically the struggling boys caught the edge of the canoe and righted it. It was too full of water to hold them. Darkness became almost complete.

"Hang on and swim," shouted Jack. Panting they reached the shore. They pulled the canoe out, found high ground and fell in limp heaps.

GRADUALLY the thunder ceased. The wind stilled. The rain became a cold drizzle. "Can't lie here," said Jack. "Got to keep moving or we'll catch cold. Let's look for shelter."

With difficulty they picked their way through the woods. Branches and briars tore their clothes. Their hands and faces were scratched and bleeding.

"Look," gasped George, "there's a light." Eagerly they stumbled toward it. They knocked and the farmhouse door opened, throwing a stream of light upon them. An elderly woman measured them with a glance.

"Land sakes, boys, come in out of that storm." She pulled the door to, and looked at the pools of water forming on her floor at the boys' feet.

"Sam," she called. "Sam, come here." A middle-aged man came, looked with open mouth, then smiled. "Take them to your room, Sam. Get them some dry clothes while I get something hot to eat."

YOUNG IDEAS... BY JOYCE HUNTER

IF geography's a tough subject, so far as you're concerned, and you feel like a dummy when people talk about far-off places, there's a way out of the problem that's actually fun. Adopt a new spare-time hobby of putting together the cut-out puzzles of different countries that can be purchased at most stores. We found the United States, Great Britain, South America and Australia, all in colourful pieces contained in large flat boxes with map covers that look as pretty as any picture when set up on a shelf or bureau. After you've done the puzzle several times you'll begin to see the states or countries, or parts of countries, in your mind's eye.

Scientists have learned that rhubarb, the pink plant that "comes by the yard," is good for the teeth and helps keep them healthy and white. This reminds us somehow of the very young bride who complained that she couldn't make a rhubarb pie because she didn't have a long enough pan. For beautiful teeth, "eat your rhubarb."

Try an intelligence test on your best friend when he's in a mellow mood. Give him a 400-word item to read aloud, and time him on it. Then ask him to explain it so you'll know he understood what he's just read. Don't pick anything too technical. If he reads it in one minute, and understands it rather well, tell him that he and Einstein could pal up happily. Or, if a girl, she's Mary "The Brain" Jones. If he falls under that mark, don't tell him he's dumb. Just say it takes at least a dozen tests to prove anything, and then forget to give him the other 11.

Have you ever thought of collecting pencils—different kinds, unusual ones, perhaps representing different nationalities? Pencils with point—or paint—appeal? Milton Grendzinski, a student at East Technical High School, Cleveland,

Ohio, has a collection valued at US\$75. His most valuable specimen is a gold lined and came from Germany.

For girls, collecting lapel gadgets might be more fun. They come in odd shapes nowadays. Our favourite is a cuckoo clock of carved wood, fully equipped with bird and dangling chains. (No, the cuckoo doesn't come out and perform, alas!) And there's a little fat gold pig under an umbrella, a couple on a "bicycle built for two," and other eye-catching pieces. When you get enough of them, mount them on pieces of colourful cardboard and set them up on a "gadget shelf" for your friends to admire. Best of all, you can always choose one "specimen" from your shelf to wear on your own lapel.

Speaking of pencils—what about starting a collection of the new shapes in small pencil-sharpeners—the kind you carry in your pocket? There's a barrel-shaped one, a puppy with sharp-cutting "innards," etc.

Most adults ride hobbyhorses and love to talk about them. Why not hold a hobby-hunt among your elders, quietly, until you find out which ones know the most about the most interesting spare-time occupations? Dog training may be one, operating movie cameras, gardening or button collecting. When you've caught your hobby-rider unawares, invite him politely to speak for your club or school group.

The strangest hobby we've heard of to date is collecting wishbones. What the collector does with them is a mystery to us. Maybe she paints them and mounts them as pins or lapel gadgets. It just goes to show where a hobby will lead—even to the insides of a chicken or turkey!

Tandem swimming is a real water feat. See how long you can make the chain and who can hang on the longest.



Wildly they scrambled in the water.

way through the woods. Branches and briars tore their clothes. Their hands and faces were scratched and bleeding.

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"Land sakes, boys, come in out of that storm." She pulled the door to, and looked at the pools of water forming on her floor at the boys' feet.

"Sam," she called. "Sam, come here." A middle-aged man came, looked with open mouth, then smiled. "Take them to your room, Sam. Get them some dry clothes while I get something hot to eat."

FEW words were spoken as the boys changed. In the dining room they ate reverently. Then man and woman asked no questions. She set a cookie jar near Jack. His throat tightened when he noticed how much like his mother's it was. The lady became absorbed in a newspaper.

"Seeing you boys," said the farmer, "brings back when I was about your age. My Pa made me work pretty hard on the farm and I got the notion of running away."

"Yep. I ran off. But it was worse. I jumpin' out of nettles into a briar patch. Pa's old farm sure looked good to me when I got back."

Jack glanced at George. He was looking at his plate. Jack's eyes flicked toward the farmer, the farmer's wife, the cookie jar, and then to his plate.

"But what I couldn't understand then," continued the farmer, "was how much harder it was on my people than on me. I'll never forget my mother's happy face when I went back."

The farmer uncrossed his legs. "My people let me quit school, but I've wished ever since I hadn't."

He yawned and looked at his watch. "Guess you boys are tired and want to get to bed. Come on upstairs, Ma. You boys sleep in the bedroom down here."

They started up the stairs, then the farmer said over his shoulder: "There's a phone, boys. If you want to make a long-distance call, tell the operator to charge it to Sam Tucker."

Silently the boys looked at each other. Then Jack reached for the paper the woman had laid down. He studied it a moment, handed it to George, and pointed to their pictures. Then he got up and walked towards the phone.

"The farmer's right, George. I'm going to call Dad. And I'm going back to school."

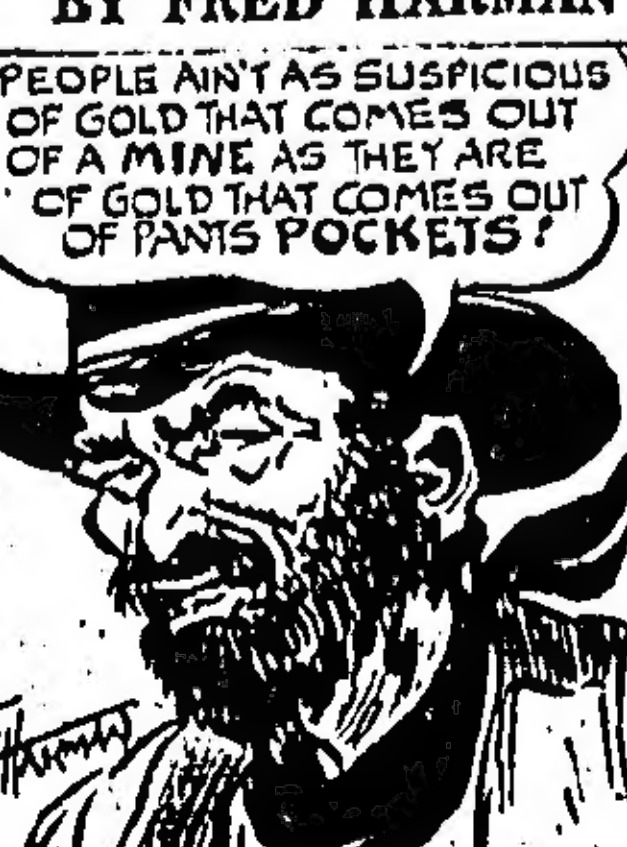
RED RYDER



Playing Safe



BY FRED HARMAN



IN THE HOME

- Informative
- Entertaining
- Exclusive

Holiday Schedule For Your Child

By GARRY CLEVEL AND MYERS, Ph. D.

SUMMER vacation from school brings new problems with the child, typically from five to thirteen. There arise new problems related to his safety and behaviour out of doors as well as to his duties and activities indoors. With so much time on his hands during the long summer months he and his parents will profit from a rough daily programme.

Unless the children's hours are checked somewhat and they are held fairly closely to a bedtime schedule, many of these children won't get nearly enough sleep during summer. It grows dark late and the family rises at the usual hour.

Plan Programme

Parents of children six to thirteen: Plan roughly a programme for your children, letting them have some voice in the matter. See that they have certain regular daily jobs about the home and that they have certain periods each day they can call their own.

Usually they should do some of these regular jobs in the morning right after breakfast, such as tidying up their rooms, also other rooms, making their own bed, washing the dishes, and the like. All such household routines should be completed, as a rule, before play time.

In a family of growing children no mother should do alone the household chores, and not just for her protection but also for the moral education of the children. They should help and be required to help.

Play Periods

You should know where your child is during his play periods, so that you might easily locate him at any time. But, please, do not interrupt his play except in a dire emergency.

Animals Also Have Sleepless Worries

St. Paul—Domestic animals, as humans, suffer from insomnia, the University of Minnesota farm school reports.

The "contented" cow is not too sound a sleeper, according to W. E. Petersen. Cattle worries include being dropped from the social order of the herd, maladjustment and poor caretakers.

Horses worry when removed from familiar surroundings—and friendly stablemates, and often go for weeks without lying down. They do catch a few winks while on their feet.

Sheep, the neurotics of the domestic animal kingdom, keep an eye cocked while asleep and poised on the alert.

The pig, however, is a hearty sleeper. G. Zavort, animal husbandman, said the grumpy snores of pigs serve as music to lull penmen to sleep.

Ironing Is An Art

By ELEANOR ROSS

COMES summer with its crisp cottons and pretty accessories, and pressing becomes a real problem for the vast army of women who do up their own summer wardrobes.

First of all, there is a difference between ironing and pressing, and this should be kept in mind. Ironing is a to and fro movement, while pressing is a really press-down, sort of stamping motion.

For both chores, a good steam iron is a boon.

It isn't very difficult to achieve a well-ironed slip, and a drawer filled with its quota of nicely laundered well-ironed slips is a feminine delight. After the slip has been sprinkled and rolled, unroll only the top portion of the garment. Place both straps full length and flat on the board, pinning end ends to the padding. Hold the strap taut with the left hand and iron them together on the top side only, then remove the pins. Next, slide the slip over the board, and iron from the hemline in the direction of the straps. Feed the slip away from you around the board. Fold carefully, when ironed.

Ironing Satin

Iron satin on the wrong side. Satin made of nylon and rayon is a popular slip fabric now, and while it does not really require ironing, a gentle job with very low heat adds to its beauty.

When coping with gathers and straight gathered ruffles, manipulate garment or iron so that the point of the iron penetrates into the dullness, using in-and-out strokes. Be careful not to iron over the tops of the gathers. When ironing a monogram, raise it by placing it face down on a folded tulle or towel and iron until completely dry.

Home Studies

The child will easily forget his studies with too much free playing hours. He may be quite unable to concentrate on his school work later on. The need of a schedule is important.

Home Medicine

Preventing Premature Births

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

WHEN life begins too soon, death wins easy victories. The baby born before the usual time must receive very special care if he is to survive. The less he weighs, the harder he is to care for. The more immature he is, the less he is fitted for independent life.

Even with all the resources of modern science—incubators to keep them warm; special devices and procedures to guard them against infections; and that best of all baby foods, mother's milk—it is impossible to save all these prematurely-born infants. Thus, everything possible should be done to keep babies from being born before the full term of pregnancy has elapsed.

Special Studies

Some special studies on women who repeatedly gave birth to premature babies, have been made by Dr. Eleanor Dells, of Johns Hopkins School of Medicine. She concluded that many such women were suffering from lack of thyroid secretion. In almost three-fourths of the patients studied by her, such a deficiency was noted. Some of them also lacked certain of the secretions from the sex glands, and vitamin E.

When there is a lack of thyroid secretion, it is suggested that thyroid extract be given, starting three

or four months before pregnancy occurs, and that it be continued throughout the term of pregnancy. Failure to begin treatment with thyroid extract early enough may account for some of the failures and disappointments with this form of treatment.

Of course, in those cases in which there is a lack of sex gland secretions or vitamin E, these things must also be supplied.

Vigorous Sports

In addition to treatment with gland extracts, it would appear inadvisable for these women to engage in vigorous sports, strenuous activities, or hard work. On the other hand, ordinary household duties and similar occupations are permissible. It is important that over-tiredness and fatigue be avoided. Long periods of rest in bed are apparently not necessary.

Proof of the success of this treatment is found in the fact that 39 women who had previously had 155 pregnancies, with only 12 living babies had 29 live babies in 43 pregnancies after treatment with the thyroid extract.

Any woman who repeatedly gives birth to premature infants should, of course, consult her physician for careful study and treatment.

African port, with its English officials and native and cosmopolitan population. He adroitly chequers the narrative with both touching and comic incidents.

To match the almost unnatural goodness of Major Scobie there are men of active and passive bad will, and some with no will at all, only idiosyncrasies which, at the reader's distance, are extremely amusing.

Their interplay, in the strong tide of the story, the brilliant descriptive passages, the poignant dramatic moments, and the utter sincerity of purpose justify our regarding this novel as a masterpiece.

It is the "Choice" of the Book of the Month Club of America and of the Book Society.

Also Good

R. H. MOTTRAM'S novel, "The Gentleman of Leisure" (Hutchinson, 5s. 6d.), takes only 200 pages to transport Mr. Albert Ginever, widower, from East Anglia to heaven. You know—heaven. It's like nothing on earth, this pleasant, whimsical story—just not too incredible or too improving. Albert is a dear, and his celestial experience is enlightening.

IN "Too Much Love of Living" (Casell, 15s.), the veteran author Robert Hichens (ask your parents about "The Garden of Allah") demonstrates that he has lost none of his verve. His 648 pages tell the love story, literary but lush, of Lionel Illington, poet, and Pixie Lisle-Stevens, beautiful, maddening, false, American.



POOLING THE POOL—Splashing happily in the water, this maternal-minded little tot suddenly remembered her poor doll, discarded under the hot sun. Now both are "happy" again.



Cocktail Time

—Try this new Citrus Sambee—

AS usual the Chef took advantage of the bargain prices at market. So when I walked into the test kitchen for my mid-afternoon thirst quencher, I had a choice of chilled grapefruit juice, lime juice or orange juice, or a blend of grape-fruit and orange.

"Now we are buying the giant size cans, and do not drink up all the juice at one time, I like to pour the juice from the cans into these large glass jars," said the Chef. Then I can cover them closely so they do not absorb any odours or flavours while they stand in the refrigerator.

Protect Flavour

"Of course, Chef, the juice could remain in the open can for forty-eight hours without losing its high Vitamin C content, or its taste," I replied. "You must be closely covered to protect the flavour," I agreed.

"And it is easy to blend the juices if you like a mixed citrus drink. I like one-third grapefruit juice, one-third orange and one-third grapefruit juice. I call it my citrus cocktail," he added with a chuckle.

"And I also have a special concoction made with citrus juices, but I call mine a Sambee." "Is that a new kind of cocktail, Madame?" the Chef inquired. "I explained, 'but it's made with nothing stronger than citrus juice. I serve it in ice tea glasses, which have been well chilled in the refrigerator, or under the cold water tap."

Chilled Fruit

"This Sambee calls for chilled mixed fresh or frozen fruits, one of them red for colour, as raspberries, strawberries, cherries, crushed currants. We need plenty of chilled canned orange juice laced with a little fresh lime or lemon juice, and enough vanilla ice cream for a scoopful for each person—a half pint will make 6 Sambees.

"This is the way I make them: Fill each glass a third with the sweetened mixed fruit. Then pour in the ice cold orange juice to within an inch and a half of the top. Float on a scoop of ice cream, flick in a slipper spoon, set on a plate covered with a paper doily and—have a good time."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—It is not necessary to transfer food from an opened can to a dish before storing it in the refrigerator, scientists of the General Electric research laboratory point out.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture says:

"It is just as safe to keep canned food in the can if it comes in—if it is to be used soon—than to transfer it to another container. . . . A few acid foods may dissolve a little iron from the can, but that is not harmful, not dangerous to health.

"Cans and foods are sterilized in the processing, but the dish into which the food is emptied is far from sterile. In other words it is likely to have on it bacteria that cause food to spoil."

"My compliments, Madame, for a new and most delightful drink. I think it would be suitable to serve at luncheon or in the afternoon or evening; and although it is what you call a glamour drink, it is made of ingredients that are inside the budget."

There is one question about canned orange juice that I've often been asked and which I'd like to answer right now: "Why doesn't canned orange juice taste quite the same as fresh?"

"It's because oranges contain a good percentage of sugar; so when the orange juice is 'flash-processed' to the necessary high temperature for canning, the sugar becomes slightly caramelised. Many persons think this taste comes from the can. But try the juice again, and you'll recognise the faint, caramel-like flavour that's very pleasant."

Dinner

Blanquette of Veal Noodles
Summer Squash au Gratin
Pickled Beets on Lettuce
Fruit Compote-Gel
Prune Whip Sauce
Coffee or Tea (Hot or Iced)
Milk (Children)
All Measurements Are Level
Recipes Serve Four.

Blanquette of Veal
Cut 2 lb. shoulder or breast of veal into 12 pieces. Place in a heavy sauce pan; add 1 tsp. salt and 4 c. boiling water. Bring to boiling point; add 1 sliced unpeeled carrot, 1/2 a sliced onion, 2 cloves, 2 sprigs parsley and 1/2 bayleaf. Cover and simmer until the veal is tender, about 1 1/2 hrs. Then remove the meat and strain the liquid. Melt 2 tbs. butter or margarine in a sauce pan. Stir in 2 1/2 tbs. flour, and when smooth, add the liquid drained from the veal. There should be 1 1/2 c. Stir and cook until boiling. Then beat 1 egg yolk with a fork; add 1/4 c. sweet or soured cream, and stir into the boiling sauce. Cook and stir 1 min. Add 1/2 tsp. lemon juice, 1/4 tsp. nutmeg and 1 tsp. minced parsley. Place the hot veal in the centre of the platter; pour over the sauce; surround with noodles and garnish with parsley.

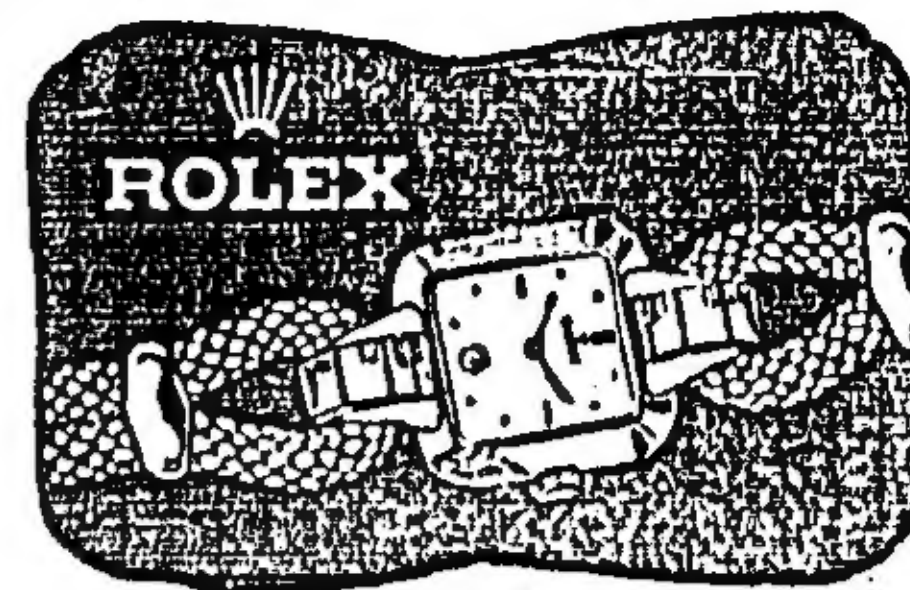
Summer Squash au Gratin
Wash and thin-slice enough young unpeeled summer squash to make 4 cups. Arrange in layers in a qt.-sized buttered casserole with 1 tsp. flour, and a little salt and pepper between each layer. Barely cover with hot milk, or equal parts of evaporated milk and water. Strew the top with 1/2 c. coarse bread crumbs, moistened with 1 tbs. melted margarine and mixed with 1/2 c. grated sharp cheese. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 375 F., or until the squash is tender, about 40 min. Uncover the last 10 min. to brown.

Fruit Compote-Gel
Make up 1 package prepared cherry gelatin according to directions. Add 1 tbs. fresh lime or lemon juice. Rinse an 8 in. square pan with cold water and dust with 1 tsp. granulated sugar. In it arrange 2 c. cooked, mixed dried fruit compote, such as stoned prunes, dried peaches and dried pears. Pour over the cherry gelatin mixture. Chill until firm, from 2 to 3 hrs. Cut in squares and serve with prune whip sauce.

Prune Whip Sauce: Put 2 large chilled egg whites, 1/2 c. chilled coarse-sieved cooked prune pulp, 1/4 tbs. lemon juice, 1/4 c. sifted powdered sugar and a few grains salt in a large bowl. Beat with a wire whisk until stiff enough to hold its shape. Use as a sauce with any kind of fruit gelatin.

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KOWLOON

More laurels for Graham Greene

"THE HEART OF THE MATTER"
by Graham Greene
(Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.)

IF you saw his "Brighton Rock" film you gained some idea of the trend of Graham Greene's novels. They present more often than not, the conflict of good and evil.

In "The Heart of the Matter," published this morning, the conflict is at once narrowed and broadened; it is between the sensual and the spiritual, and it is also between a man's duty towards God and his duty towards his neighbour.

The finer points of the slowly developing tragedy may be perceptible only to Roman Catholics, but the general theme is plain enough.

The man is Major Scobie, Assistant Commissioner of Police in a West African colony. His marriage has reached the stage of all passion spent. He feels bound to his wife, we are told, only by "the paths of her unattractiveness," but there is no limit to his affection and pity for her, no limit to the sacrifices he is willing to make on her behalf. She needs a holiday. It will cost more than he can afford. Met with a refusal at his bank, he is

HE is related to Robert Louis Stevenson—and at 43, with a dozen best sellers, he is likely to become a famous name. HE is a Roman Catholic—Roman days in the mid-1920s, when he used to talk to a Nottingham priest during his "ram-ride" to work. HE has gone considerably further than Brighton since he left Balfour—his odd artistic "flair" took him on a 350-mile trek through Liberia jungle in 1935, his sense of religious inquiry took him to Mexico in 1938. HE is a director of a publishing firm—which does not publish his books.

forced into borrowing from a Syrian trader whose activities are not above suspicion. Tempted to commit other professional indiscretions, he yields.

During his wife's absence he falls victim to his own too compassionate nature. Pity for a much younger woman—survivor from a wrecked ship—creates a situation from which there is no escape except the one which his religion forbids him: suicide.

He faces his dilemma as a brave man, a good Catholic. In approaching the crisis of his novel Graham Greene conveys with inviolable skill both the permanent and wartime atmosphere of a West

Book of the DAY
by DANIEL GEORGE



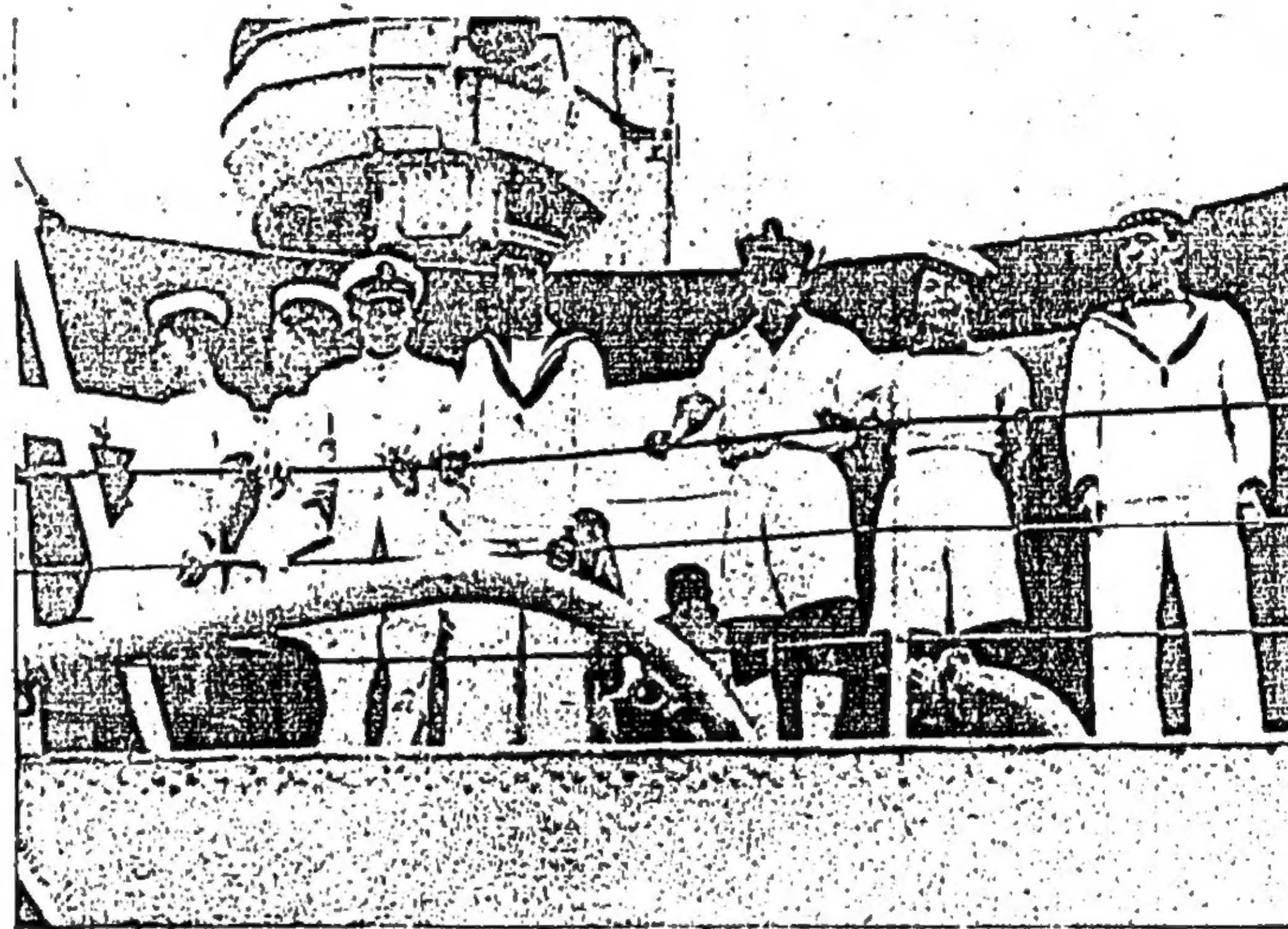
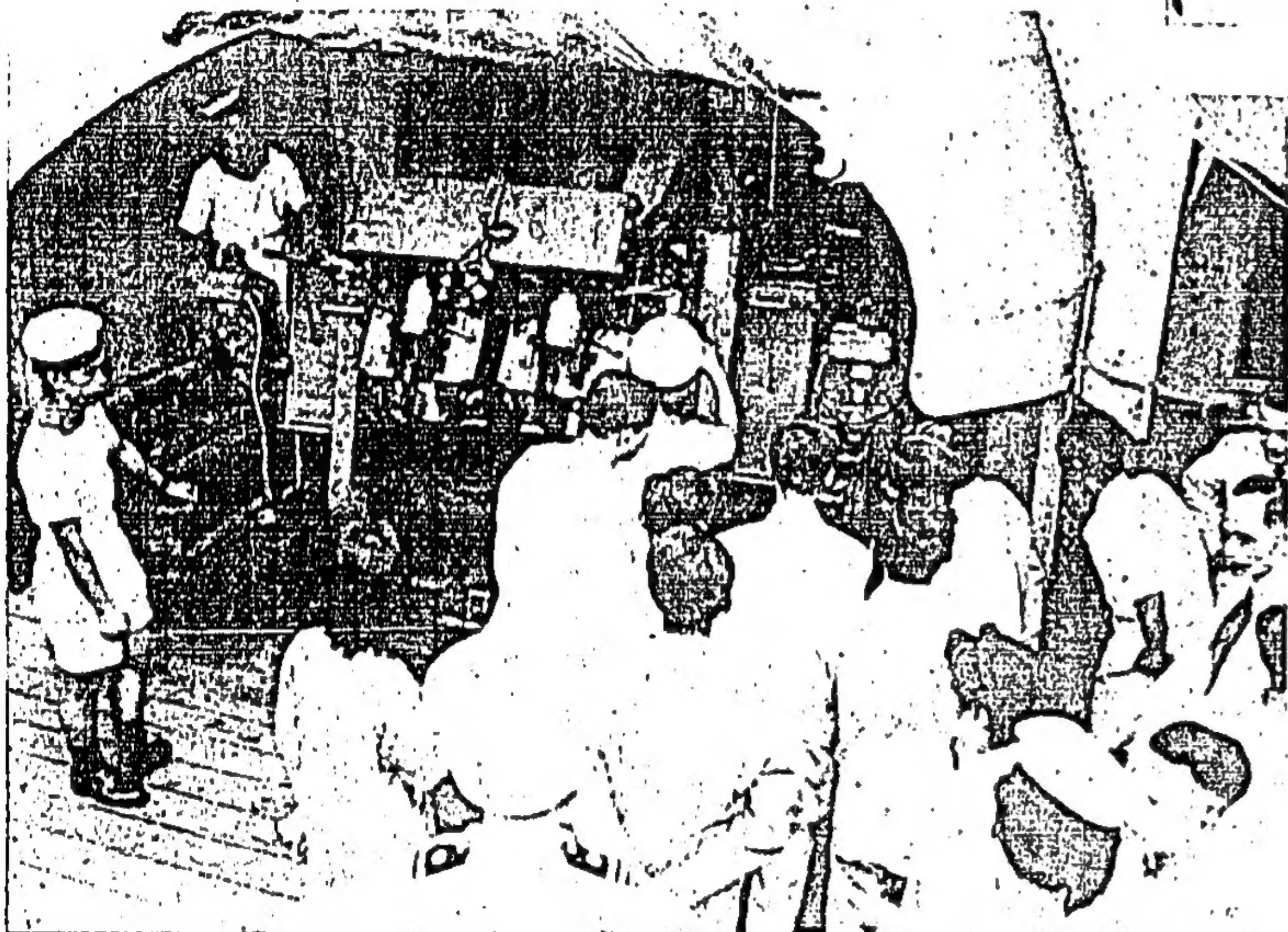
Prominent residents of Hongkong were invited to a cocktail party on board Chungking on Monday. In the photograph above, the officers of the ship are snapped greeting a guest. At right is a general view of the well attended party. The general public was welcomed on board the cruiser Chungking last week-end, and below are some of the visitors inspecting the ship's guns. Next to that is a picture showing the fine type of men, all trained in Britain, in the ship's company.

VISIT OF CHINESE WARSHIPS

The British cruiser Aurora and the destroyer Mendip, which have been presented to China, are now known as Chungking and Lingfu. On their way out from Britain, they called in Hongkong this week. (Photos: Telegraph Staff Photographer)



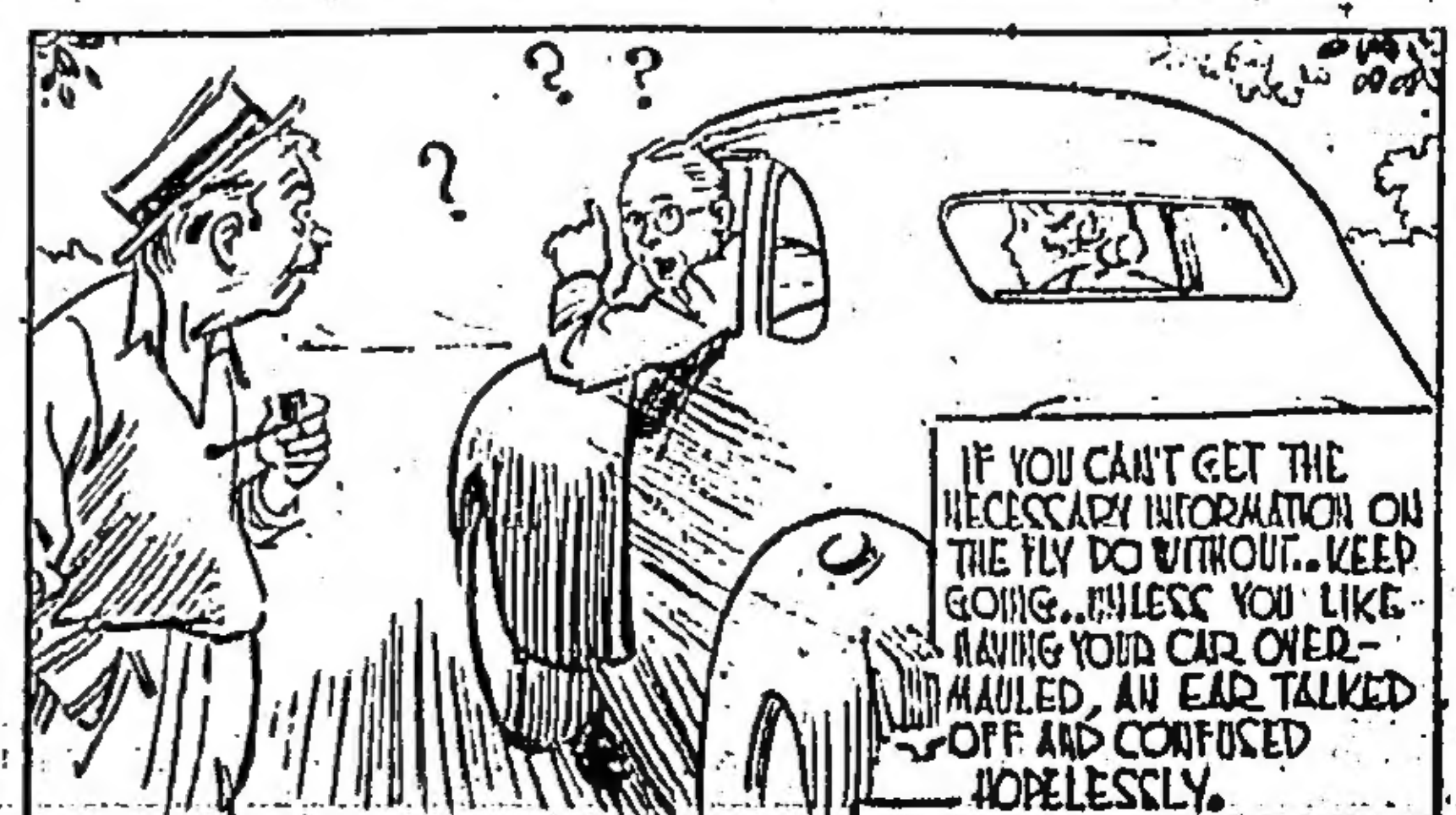
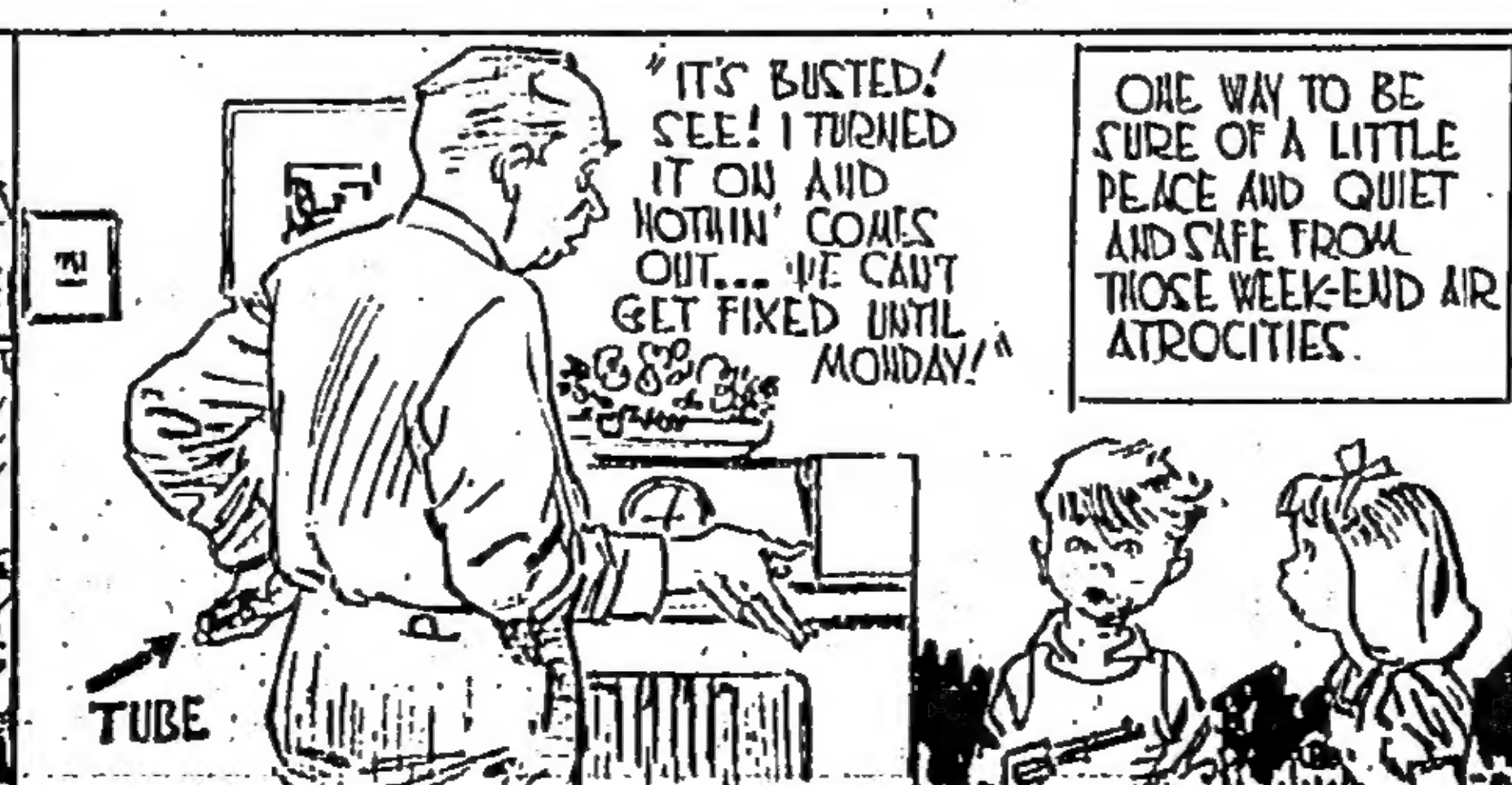
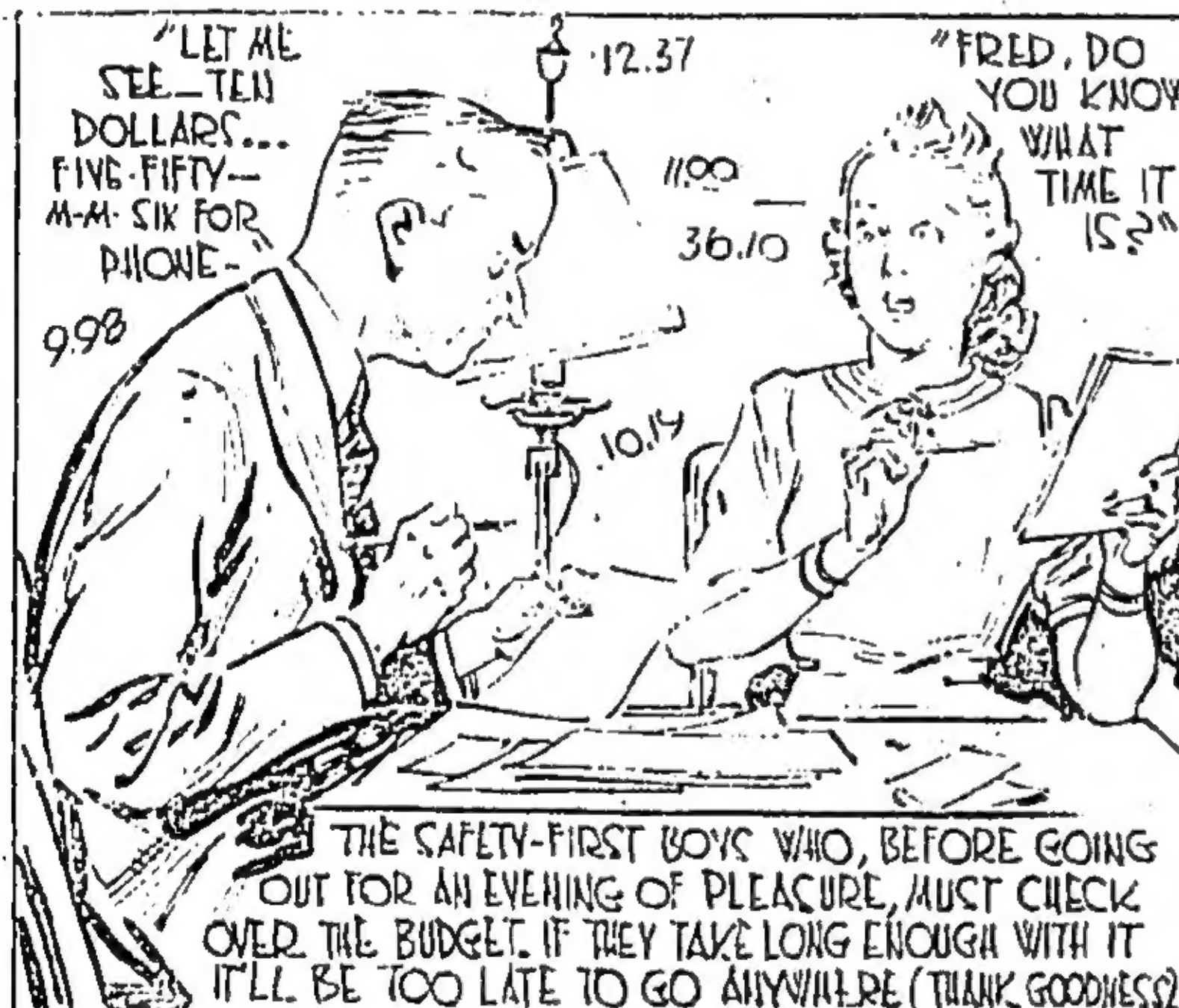
His Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham attended the cocktail party given on Monday. Picture shows His Excellency received with due honours on coming aboard. Below: Captain Tang Chao-chang, in command of the cruiser Chungking.



VIGNETTES OF LIFE

"Safety First"

By KEMP, STARRETT



Now why do bacon & eggs smell so good?



HAVE you noticed what a fine lot of seasonal smells there are floating about just now? The roses, for instance, hay, tar on the roads, and mint with the new potatoes.

They are part of our lives, these smells. They build up morale and help us to carry our burdens. Yet, as far as the scientists are concerned, smell is the Cinderella of the senses. They don't even know for certain how a smell works.

Book upon book has been written about sight, sound, taste, and touch, but all that smell ever gets from the authors, is an orphaned chapter at the end.

So I've been collecting some data on smell myself, and here is a round up of what I've found out.

In the air

LIGHT waves enable you to see, and sound waves to hear, but there is no such comparable thing as a smell wave. At least, nobody has discovered one yet.

So how does a smell get from the cheese or the onion to you? It comes in the form of minute invisible particles of the substance you are smelling.

They float in the air waiting for someone to sniff them. Sniffing is a vital link in the process. The part of the nose that smells is high up in the nostrils, off the main route of the air you breathe in.

So you have to sniff to get it up there, otherwise you can't tell what it smells of. The particles settle on the business end of the nose, which then sends a message to the brain to say there's an onion about.

The smelliest substance on earth is probably a chemical called mercaptan (C₁₄H₁₂SH), which is used sometimes in the rubber industry. It smells so strongly of garlic that you can detect it when there is only a single 460,000,000th part of a milligram in a nose-ful of air.

I asked ten people: What smell do you like best? Six picked out foods or drinks... one said a railway tunnel. See if YOUR favourite is mentioned here...

by BERNARD WICKSTEED

Whatever the mechanics of the smelling system, it often breaks down. That's why mercaptan smells like garlic though the two are no more alike than nail polish and carnations, which also smell much the same as each other.

The sense of smell was presumably given us to make life easier and to help us distinguish between the things that are good for us and those that are not, but the chemists are spoiling the set-up.

By concocting these mixtures that smell like something else they are bringing this noble sense into disrepute. Take the poison gas Lewisite. If you sniff it enough it will kill you. Yet it smells the same as a bed of geraniums. India rubber is another example. According to Mr. Chapman Pincher it smells just like a gorilla.

People and gorillas are not the only ones to be bamboozled by chemists. Bees are being muddled up too.

This is odd, because bees haven't got noses. They smell with the last eight joints of their legs instead. Yet the mistakes they make are much the same as ours. A German found this out when he was teaching a bee to pick out the smell of orange peel from 43 other aromas.

The existing long distance record for smelling is probably held by the silk moth. Males can smell a female of the species from a distance of six miles 1,427 yards and two feet (11.0 kms.).

Take your choice

BEES like the smell of flowers with honey in them, dogs prefer animal smells. What do you like best? I asked ten of my friends and four answered, "Bacon and eggs." The others said: Lilies of the valley, bread being baked, a railway tunnel, coffee being roasted and two said a shower of rain falling on dry ground.

You'll notice that six out of ten went for food or drink. I wonder if they would have done before the war.

Incidentally, do you know what makes the ground smell so nice after a shower? Mr. Pincher told me once that it was the moisture releasing millions of tiny fungus spores.

I also asked the same ten people whether they smell when they dream. They all said they didn't think so, which is probably right, because smell is one of the first senses you lose when you fall asleep. People who were born blind sometimes dream by smell. They can't dream by sight because they don't know what it is like.

One of the best, and least used, mediums for spreading smells is printers' ink. A San Francisco firm with a new brand of perfume to sell had it mixed with the ink that was used to print a full-page advertisement in one of the magazines.

The claims were borne out by the smell of the advertisement, and the firm sold its entire stock in ten days.

A similar idea was used by an American insurance firm. It printed its circulars with ink that smelled like burning wood, and their policies sold like a house on fire.

In British countries most of the work on these lines has been done to stop the ink smelling. Some of the kinds used in high-speed colour printing are the worst.

Scented ink

NOT long ago one publication was constantly troubled by readers who rang up to say the magazine stank. The printers had to mix perfume with the ink to make the pages fit to read.

Another firm had the same trouble when printing labels inside cigar boxes. They got over it by mixing scent of tobacco with the ink so as not to spoil the cigars.

There seems to be scope for humorists here. They could boost their sales by mixing their ink with laughing gas.

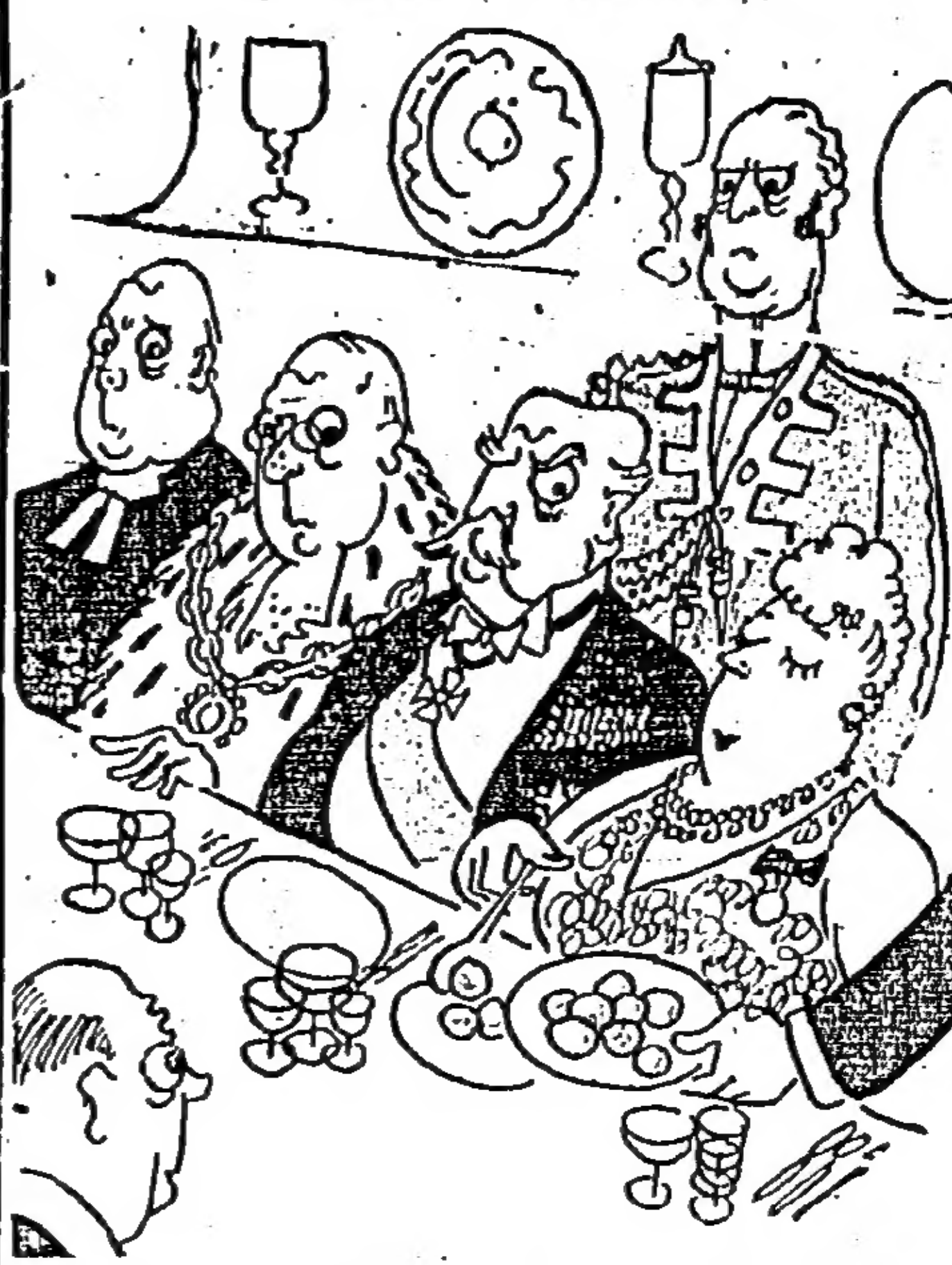
One of the providential arrangements of Nature is that your nose soon gets tired of reporting familiar smells to the brain. That's why you don't notice the smell of your own house. But come back to it from a holiday, and you spot it at once.

The saddest thing about our sense of smell is the way it has been allowed to fall into disuse. Scientists estimate that we use only a fifth of our potential ability to smell.

What we miss was shown me once by an Indian trapper in Canada, who could bend over a stick or a stone and say, after smelling it, what kind of animal had passed that way and when.

"Anyone can read and write," he said, "but it's only a few who can smell."

Double-ration pocket cartoon by OSBERT LANCASTER



Chinese Worse Off Than In 1936

A COUNTRY-WIDE POLL conducted for the North-China Daily News by the Institute of Chinese Public Opinion reveals that an overwhelming majority of the Chinese people consider themselves worse off today than they were twelve years ago.

In this public opinion poll, the Institute of Chinese Public Opinion, directed by Wallace Johnston, canvassed the opinions of people in 23 widely separated regions of China. All classes of the rural and urban populations were included in the sample, and in the proportions in which it is estimated these classes exist in China.

To the question: Do you believe that your standard of living is better than it was in 1936, that is do you have more food, clothing and better housing than you had in 1936?

The answers were:
Better 2 percent.
Worse 84 percent.
About the same 14 percent.
For this deterioration in their standard of living, blame was shared first of all by the Civil War, then followed inflation. High taxation, lack of land, and lack of work followed in that order as popular complaints.

LAND AND WAGES
As a standard of comparison 1936 was taken not because it was any particular landmark either in peace or prosperity in China but it was the last year of relative stability and peace which the country had enjoyed.

Regional directors of the Institute of Chinese Public Opinion stress in their background reports that the great masses of peasants and workers interviewed, state that land-holdings and wages have always been too low to provide adequately for the large families which are the rule rather than the exception in China. Landholdings in China vary between provinces and even within provinces themselves. However the frequency of peasant claims to possessing between two and one half acres and three and one half acres of land indicates that these holdings are most prevalent.

Now considering that peasants who do not own their own land are further burdened with the necessity of paying between one-third and one-half of their produce as rent, it is not hard to imagine the plight of China's farmers.

The proportion of landowners to tenant farmers show amazing variations in different regions of China. Estimates arrived at by regional directors of the Institute of Chinese Public Opinion from the 80 percent tenant peasantry reported from parts of Hunan to the 50 percent reported from the environs of Soochow. And 91 percent of all landlords interviewed said they were worse off now than in 1936.

PARALLEL FIGURES
From the cities almost parallel figures have been acquired. Of all cities polled throughout China, labourers, professional workers, merchants, bankers and government employees state that only 2 percent are better off than in 1936, 84 percent said worse and 14 percent claimed they were about the same.

To understand fully the state of the depreciation of wages in China today, it is only necessary to compare the purchasing power between this year and last. According to the Statistics, in March 1947 a rickshaw puller in the cities of Nanking and Shanghai could buy with his wage 2.6 piculs of rice per month. A skilled worker or an industrial worker could buy approximately five piculs of rice per month. In March of this year the same rickshaw puller could buy only 1.4 piculs and the skilled worker only 2.2. In one year, the purchasing power of all wage earners in terms of rice declined by almost half in these cities.

Regional directors of the Institute of Chinese Public Opinion in Peiping, Tientsin, Wuchang, Talyuan

and other cities in closest proximity to the battle front state that the influx of refugees is threatening to deflate wages still further and add further instability to working class conditions.

This poll conducted in Kailang a few days before the fall and recapture of the city reproduces the background of what has become a significant epoch in current Chinese history. Of all people interviewed in Kailang and its environs only one half of one percent said they were better off than in 1936; 95 percent stated that they were worse; 4.5 percent claimed that they were about the same. Almost identical figures have been received from points as widely removed as Foochow and Chungshan.

MORE TAXES
To the question: Do you pay more taxes now than in 1936?

All taxpayers polled answered: More 81 percent.
Less 3 percent.
About the same 16 percent.

In this poll labourers and all others who are not subject to direct taxation were not required to answer this question; as it was felt they would find difficulty endeavouring to estimate the indirect taxes inherent in the commodities they purchase.

To a further question: Are you able to pay your taxes without going into debt?

Yes 50 percent No 41 percent.
To the question: Is inflation having any effects upon your standard of living?

Yes 92 percent No 8 percent
To the follow-up question: Do you find yourself forced to borrow money at high rates of interest?

Forty-six percent of all people interviewed replied "yes."

The report of the director, Mr. Wallace Johnston, on the poll reads:

SUBSISTENCE LEVEL
From these figures it is indeed obvious that the great bulk of Chinese workers and peasants exist at best on subsistence level. There is certainly very little residue which they might contribute or from which they might be further taxed. Fundamentally this has been the result of age-old handicaps, a scarcity of land, and a lack of industrialisation which could have drained off the surplus agrarian population. China's problem is, when all is said and done, the problem of endeavouring to supply adequacy to a people to whom adequacy is denied by lack of land; by lack of room and machinery to employ the energies of its people. In this one might be tempted to state that China and all similarly over-populated countries are impossible equations to domestic administration. They are world problems and must be solved on a world scale by those who enjoy the room, the machinery, and the facilities to employ the energies of the constricted and the impoverished.

It is doubtful if dividing up the land would prove any permanent amelioration of the problem, and certainly not if Chinese peasants retain the old practice of every generation of dividing up their holdings among their sons. However, reduction of the exorbitant rents paid by peasants for the lands they cultivate would obviously automatically improve by the amounts of reduction, the condition of the estimated 65 percent of Chinese peasants who are either tenant farmers or part owners.

BRIGHT SIDE
If there is any bright side to this picture, it resides in reports submitted by regional directors of the Institute of Chinese Public Opinion to the effect that around and above a yearly income of thirty piculs of rice, peasants register no similar intensity of complaint as is voiced by those receiving less than this figure.

Reports state that peasants on this level, though in greatest majority claiming that their economic condition has declined since 1936, appeared less vehement in casting blame, more cautious in allocating it and more deliberate in forming their judgments. In aggregate China's necessity does indeed appear a large one, but individually it might be difficult to find elsewhere in the world peasants or workers who require so little to improve appreciably their individual economy and outlook.

The double life of a Model Mother



Exquisite Dorn Fraser who looks little more than a young girl herself is in reality, Mrs. Malcolm, and the mother of a bonus daughter, Jennifer.

Expending the same meticulous care on Jennifer as she has always expended on herself from natural inclination as much as because of the demands of her modelling work, Dorn is already teaching little Jennifer this secret of a pleasant smile:

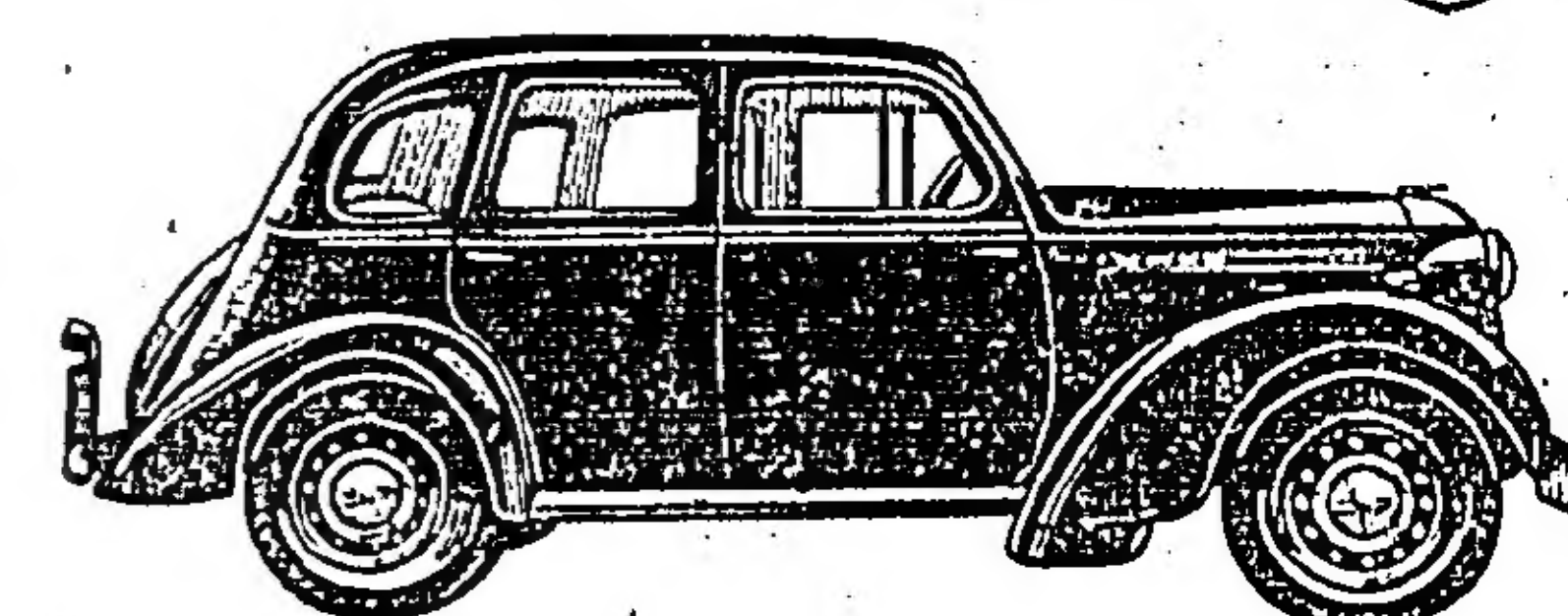
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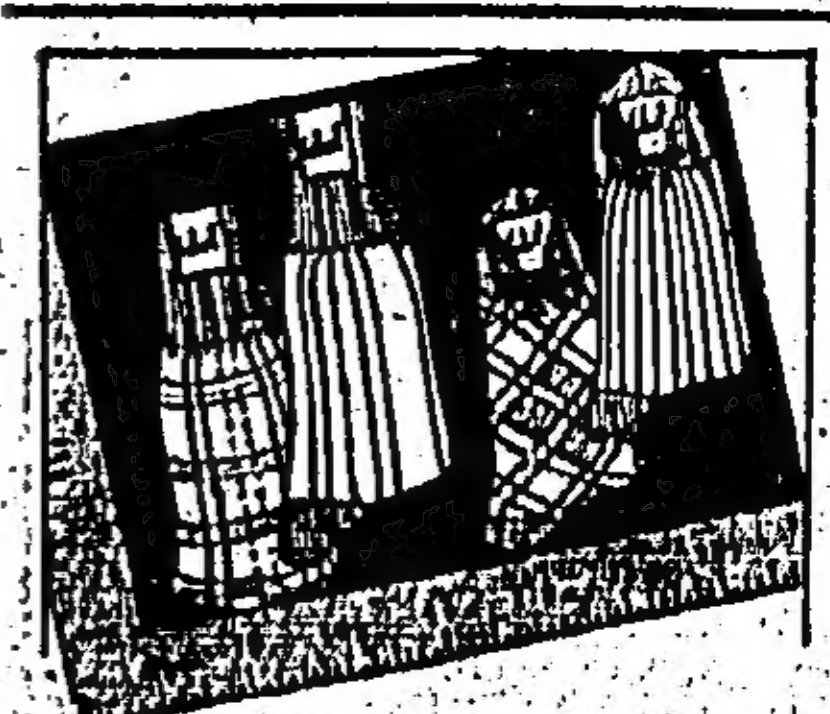
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Forever Mayfair

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO
THE ENGLISH UPPER CLASS, 1948

By NIGEL
NICOLSON

A YOUNG man drives up in a taxi to the ladies' annexe of his club in Carlos-place, Mayfair. Before the war he would have parked his own open Morris 8 in a side-street, and his button-hole would have sported a crimson carnation. Now his car is laid up in the garage of his mother's house at Princes Risborough; and he can neither afford the carnation nor risk the glances of indefinable hostility which it would attract as he walked back to his office across Berkeley-square.

He tips 9d. on a 2s. fare and passes into the hall where his fiancée has been waiting six minutes, sipping a Martini. She is 23, pretty, except for a certain sharpness about the nose, her hair bunched at the back into wavy curls, and crowned by a halo hat which suspends a light-blue veil across her face.

On the lapel of her coat is the badge of the Coldstream Guards, worked in enamel and imitation diamonds; her legs are nyloned, and her two neat feet enclosed in a pair of black and white peck-a-boo shoes. Together they enter the dining-room, where they will eat a luncheon of oysters, roast pheasant, and fruit salad. They will drink a glass of cider each, and a cup of Turkish coffee.

SHE will then smoke two, and he four, cigarettes at 3s. 10d. for 20. The bill will come to 22s. 6d. They will part on the doorstep of the club at 2.45 p.m.

Here are two composites but imaginary characters who will fit into any definition of the British upper class. What are the limits of this blurred and avanescent class?

Their sense of classness grows stronger as the twinges of economic and political divisions are driven deeper into the social structure of Britain.

A glance across a first class railway carriage at a face smoothed by years of clean shaving and comfortably living is sufficient for one member of the clan to recognise a fellow.

And if, though strangers to each other, they should engage in conversation, certain common factors will be taken, for granted, others will be made testing points to determine to which of the few permissible variants of the class the new acquaintance belongs.

The first aid to recognition is accent. Basically it should be cultivated, or rather nurtured, in the tradition of the public school, Junior Common Room, and officers' mess.

Jokes in popular papers and on the American stage have long since eliminated (though the jokes are "out mace") the final "—er" turned into "—an," as in "Wait—ah," the dropping of the final "g," and the untidy pincerousness of speech with which troops' concert-parties, but not clubland, have made us familiar.

If there is any special attribute of upper-class accents, it is a slightly exaggerated lightness of voice, carefully dropping short of affection, which is designed to give the effect of young untroubled comradeship, of undergraduates calling to each other across the quad.

A mis-pronunciation of "ou" or "oi"—fatal sounds—is difficult to reconcile with membership of the clan, but "It's pronounced as 'W's' or a drastic telescoping of syllables (such as "Sochist Gumen" for "Socialist Government") are allowable, even when sober.

rowed, and what inherited, from the language of the people.

Thus, in recent years, we have had, framed in the lopped curtains of quotation marks, phrases such as: "Not my cup of tea," "I had the fright of my life," "over so nice" (usually accompanied by a mimic refined accent to make quite sure that the remark is not thought indigenous to the speaker).

Some words, originating with the middle classes, lose their shibboleth qualities very slowly; bus, taxi and wire are now universally accepted, while phone, Town and photo tremble on the penumbra between the classes, and pardon, serviette and partial are still beyond the pale of polite society.

AMERICANISMS are welcomed in their naturalness, and often start their transatlantic careers among the mates of the upper classes; for example, "You're telling me," "You'd better watch your step," and "I wouldn't know" (Chicago accent desirable).

Many phrases are born in clubs and drawing-rooms and only dropped when they have penetrated below a certain level. "Actually" is now dying a long-delayed death.

A current favourite, which has had a run of three or four years, is "for my sins," employed in extenuation of an accomplishment or appointment of which the speaker is secretly rather proud—"They want me to go to Paris, for my sins."

In yet another category of upper class clichés comes the title quotations which are supposed, mistakenly, to indicate culture—"More sinning against than sinning," "Suffered a sea-change," "Mark, learn and inwardly digest." These examples are enough to indicate the extraordinary subtlety of English class-language which no other nation can match. If there were any rules, they would soon grow out of date, but there are no rules; the only guide is current practice.

[This is an extract from "Other People's Lives," the tenth Contact Book (Contact Publications Limited, 5s.).]

SEE TEE'S SERIES ON

The Laws Of Association Football

6.—THE LINESMAN'S DUTIES

In their memorandum dealing with co-operation between Referees and Linesmen the Football Association goes to some lengths to distinguish the kinds of duties which Referees may assign (1) Neutral linesmen who are qualified officials and (2) Club linesmen, who, even though they may be fully qualified officials, are not neutral.

If these instructions are taken very literally the Referee should only allot to the Club linesman such duties as signalling when the ball goes out of play over the touch-lines and indicating which team should take the throw-in from touch.

This necessary limitation on the scope which a Referee may give a Club linesman with regard to questions of fact affecting the play should not deter linesmen from schooling themselves in the many matters upon which the Referee, in special circumstances, may ask their views.

Above all, however, it must be remembered that no matter who is linesman, a neutral official or one supplied by the Club, the Referee's authority is absolute and all duties performed by linesmen are subject to the decision of the Referee.

Nevertheless, the more one knows of the Laws of the Game the more interest it holds, and the simpler it is to pass the test and qualify for the whistle.

THE THROW-IN

Club linesmen's duties are usually more associated with the throw-in from touch than any other method of re-starting play. It is important that they should know just what constitutes a properly taken throw-in. These points are outlined in considerable detail in the Referees' Chart under Law 15.

The main thing to be concerned with is the way in which the ball is thrown and positions of the thrower's feet. This question of the thrower's feet is double-edged. First of all the feet must be stationary at the point over which the ball went out of play.

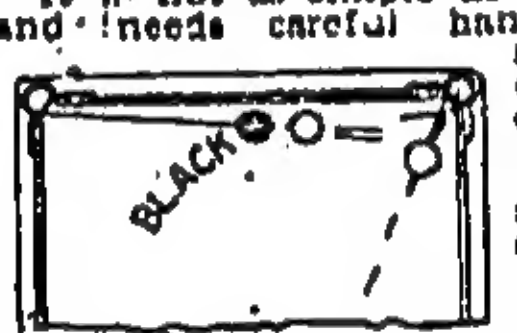
Many players have a way of edging upfield with two or three hesitating fancies at throwing the ball; others blandly ignore the linesman who points out the proper place from which the throw should be taken.

Some players have been known to gain as much as ten yards by these "slubbing" tricks. By doing this they secure an unfair advantage over their opponents—it just isn't playing the game.

Any linesman, neutral or otherwise, should not hesitate to wave his flag high above his head when such tactics are used. The Referee will do the rest.

Arthur Peall says:

It is not as simple as it appears and needs careful handling. A mere guess or a haphazard throw will result in a foul play.



Side of the pocket is the target. Side on cue-ball cannot help and is very likely to spoil the shot. A steady stroke as directed, and black will go down.

Exhibition billiard stroke is shown on right of diagram. In line with white is almost in hand, is played full on white to send it rolling across pocket, as cue ball will go down.

The other item to watch in connection with the thrower's feet is to ensure that a part of each foot is either on the touch-line or away and clear beyond it. Thus it is quite in order for a player to throw the ball when his heels are only just resting on the line, while the other parts of his feet are within the lines. Should he raise one or both heels when throwing, however, and lose contact with the line, it would be a foul throw.

LAST WEEK'S POSER

It was the question of the centre forward who gave the ball a second kick (into touch) from a kick-off following a goal which formed last week's poser. What would be the Referee's ruling?

Law 8, which, among other things, deals with the kick-off, states that the player taking the kick shall not play the ball a second time until it has been played by another player.

That he kicked it into touch in so doing does not affect the position: the proper award of the Referee is an indirect free-kick against the centre forward's team, taken from the place where he played the ball the second time.

A GOAL?

A goal has just been scored and the centre-forward of the team losing the goal, instead of tapping the ball gently to one of his teammates, makes a running kick at it while it is on its spot in the centre of the field. The Referee gave the signal for him to do so. The ball, carried on a high wind, went straight into the opponent's goal without another player touching it. The Referee awards what?

PICTURE OF AN OLD-TIMER

By CRISPIN LEUTY

Gilbert Jessop's day was a long time ago. He was in his prime before the 1914-18 war. But everybody who remembers cricket as it was then will remember Jessop—Jessop, of Gloucester and England; the man who stood up to the greatest bowlers in the world and scored off them at top speed; the batsman who once made 191 runs in 90 minutes; the hero of eight Tests against the Australians.

His friends called him Jessopus. But to the cricketers of Britain and Australia he was always the Croucher.

KNEES BENT

That nickname was clamped on him for the manner of his stance at the wicket; he looked as though his knees were always bent.

And, by Jessopus, what a swifter he was.

I found him the other day a man of 74, white hair, balding, but erect, alert, his pale-blue eyes as steady and almost as sharp as in the days when he knocked 'em round the houses.

The Croucher of today is, however, a little brighter, his heart troubles him, and we learned that in the last six years he has not been more than a hundred yards from the house where he lives with his vicar son.

We sipped dry sherry as he announced he was not going to talk about cricket. He then started off about cricket, came back to it later, and ended on cricket.

Of top-class cricket today he says: "Too much of it is played. There are too many big matches. A man gets no let-up. It's like the old saying about killing the goose."

NETS IN GARDEN

The Croucher looked out of the french windows and said, "Can you see the nets at the bottom of the garden?"

The nets enclosed a strip of turf used by his chip-off-the-old-block cricketers, the Rev. G. L. O. Jessop, for a bit of bowling and batting practice with boys from the parish.

The Croucher sometimes goes down to the nets and gives expert advice.

"It would cost £4 a week or more for a gardener to keep the place straight but I can't afford £200 a year—at any rate not for a gardener."

"The cost of living today.... It will never alter in my time." Apparently his most other people the Croucher was finding living today a bit of a pinch.

The Croucher took up a cigarette, commented "Terrible price today," and entered the political field. He forecast that the Socialists would be defeated at the next election, saying: "It was the women who put them in. It will be the women who'll put them out next time."

THE LAST INNINGS

He tried hard to keep off the topic that made his name famous, but could not refrain from a tribute to W. G. Grace, and the memory that it was 54 years ago when they met. He remembered, too, that the season then was one of the wettest on record.

"I've not played cricket since 1915, I think it was," he said.

"We were at Sir Robert Peel's place near Lichfield and our opponents had Barnes as one of their bowlers. I hit up 97. Not a bad farewell to the game, eh?"

The Croucher went back to the room where he is spending the sunset of his life in an armchair, his back to the light, reading, putting on the radio and gazing at two pictures on the wall.

One picture is a magazine diagram showing the variety of his batting strokes, the other a water-colour of his old bat and cricket gear called "The End of the Season."

As he gazes at those pictures tomorrow he'll turn on the radio and listen to the fourth Test match of 1948.

SPORTS FEATURES

NORTHWEST'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE OLYMPIC GAMES



Members of the U.S. Olympic team, who live or have lived in the Pacific Northwest pose aboard the Liner American while en route to England for the games.

Foreground (kneeling) Ky Elbright (left) formerly of Seattle, now University of California crew coach, and Ray Daughters, Seattle Athletic club coach. The three girls are: (left to right) Nancy Merkl Lees, Asheville, N.C., formerly of Portland, Ore.; Brenda Helser, San Francisco, former Portland student; and Sue Zimmerman, Portland. In rear (left to right) George Pocock, Seattle, rigger for crew; Clem Eischem, Vancouver, Wash.; Al Morgan, Seattle; Fred Wilt, Anderson, Ind., formerly of Pullman, Wash.; Norm Buwick, Seattle; Gordon Giovannelli, Seattle; Bob Will, Seattle; Bob Martin, Tacoma; Warren Westlund, Seattle, and Robert Likins, San Jose, Calif.; formerly of Portland.—AP Wirephoto.

Some Reflections On Chess Tournaments

By "RECORDER"

The Colony Reserve Chess Tournament, completed this week, deserves special study for more reasons than one. It has qualified two players for next year's Colony Open Chess Championship final, both of whom well deserve their places in the championship, but its results have given rise to much dissatisfaction and much speculation.

It is pointed out that the Old Guard Seniors all finished top of the player non-qualified for the championship of the Kowloon Chess Club, which qualification would do for definition of a "Senior."

For that matter, five of the players who qualified for this year's Colony Open Final were not and are not qualified for the Championship of the Kowloon Chess Club, and are, therefore, not "Seniors."

The tournament was marred by four walk-overs, three of them a study for jurists, let alone committees.

These three walkovers involved Senior players in each case. They had a feature in common—a complete lack of magnanimity.

As a result of these walkovers, one of the four players involved has resigned from the Kowloon Chess Club; another threatened to resign from the tournament, but was talked out of it, and two have threatened to resign from the Club Committee, a body which, strangely, has nothing whatsoever to do with the organisation of the tournament beyond the fact that it contributed three representatives to the Colony Open Chess Championship Committee.

BACK-STAGE

There has been a considerable amount of back-stage conversation on what the result of the tournament did or did not prove.

It is said for the Senior players by the Senior players that where they did lose to non-Seniors it was purely a matter of their being in an off-day mood for chess.

Granting them this, I can only inquire "How does one tell when an opponent is in an off-day mood?"

It is a generally agreed-on surmise in the Club that one of the classic players is Jacob Ramler who happens to be in a mood for the game just about once out of every 10 times he sits down to it. His record for the tournament is two games won and eight lost.

Ramler, if he took more interest in winning, could hold anyone. Carvalho or Karpovich included, to a close game.

One thing that may be said in the so-called Juniors' favour is that they have not contributed toward marring the tournament by claiming walkovers. To be fair, neither has Karpovich or Weiss.

The one walkover standing in Tausz's favour was not claimed by him. It was awarded to him despite his being willing to play off a postponed game.

To be absolutely fair also, it must be admitted that the walkovers claimed by Carvalho and Biriukoff can be ascribed to the fact that, as members of the Club Committee, it was up to them to set an example even at the cost of appearing unorthodox.

So, all things added up, no one is at fault about anything. Yet, much material arises for dissatisfaction.

As I have stated before in these columns, I repeat that no one is at fault, that is, on the strict letter

Colony Reserve Chess Tourney, 1948

	C	K	B	D	T	W	G	K	C	R	A	Total
D. E. de Carvalho	X	W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	10
L. Karpovich	D	X	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	7
A. Biriukoff	0	0	X	D	1	W	1	0	1	1	1	6
V. N. Douneff	0	0	W	X	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	6
Joseph Tausz	0	1	0	0	X	W	1	0	1	1	1	6½
Karel Weiss	0	1	D	0	D	X	1	1	0	1	1	5
Arthur Gomes	0	0	0	0	0	0	X	1	1	1	1	4½
V. V. Kolatchoff	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	X	0	1	1	4
R. W. Carter	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	X	1	1	4
Jacob Ramler	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	X	1	2
A. Archangelisky	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	1

of the law. Very much at fault is a tendency among Senior players, in particular, to take chess more seriously than it should be taken.

MAGNANIMITY MINUS

The lack of magnanimity mentioned earlier arises not from the walkovers so much as from attitudes adopted after they had been passed as such.

A tournament must be played with rules. These are necessary if only to take care of one difficult type. Tournaments have been known where all 10 contestants entered into the spirit of the competition with a desire to win but with little amour propre impaired if they did not. The last Club Intermediate Tournament, that saw hardly a game postponed beyond two days, is a good example.

On the other hand, there have been tournaments that saw one particular type going all out to make himself extremely unpopular by, while staying strictly within the limit of the rules, taking advantage of everything that had not been completely covered by the rules.

Without going into case histories, one may mention that it is absolutely legal and above board in a chess match, having once decided to move a particular piece, to put it in one's pocket and wander off for a half-hour's siesta.

However legal that would be, it is a doubtful point that anyone would take advantage of it. Should anyone, his general unpopularity within a very short time would be very pronounced.

Comparing an attitude like this to a walkover claim would not be too far-fetched.

There may come a day in local chess when the general quality of players will be so high that the non-participation of a known outstanding local player would not be missed.

This, unfortunately, is not true today. Our better players are few and far between, though, it may be said optimistically, the second bests are moving up at a very encouraging rate.

REASON ENOUGH?

However encouraging this improvement rate may be, there is an almost concerted effort among the Old Guard Seniors to limit Senior competition to themselves. The result of the Reserve Tournament is, therefore, pointed to as reason enough for this attitude.

The player claiming a walkover may justify himself by suggesting

"RECORDER" COMMENTS ON

THE UPSET OLYMPICS

The London Games will perhaps be longest remembered for the fact that no sports writer the world over—and scores tried—managed to pick more than a half-dozen winners in nearly 30 events in athletics. Even less successful were the forecast people in aquatics.

Maxwell Stiles, America's top-ranking authority on track and field forecasts, who had picked 15 winners in the Berlin Games, has a score of just six to date with six events left unfinished.

His good shots in the dark were Mel Patton in the 200 metres dash, Roy Cochran in the 400 metres low hurdles, Willie Steele in the long jump, Tore Sjostrand in the 3,000 metres steeplechase, Fanny Blankers-Koen in the women's hurdles and Michelle Ostermeyer in the women's shot put.

Of these six, forecasters picked on Cochran, Steele and Ostermeyer as an almost unanimous choice.

Beyond some backing for Patton to win the 200-metres and just a little for Whitfield to win the 800, there is hardly a man who picked a single winner in the four shorter races.

Dozens of forecasters picked Relif as likely second for the 5,000-metres and Zatepek as likely second for 10,000-metres run. The Belgian and the Czech came in first.

BIGGEST DISAPPOINTMENT

It is difficult to pick the most disappointing performer of the Games. So many disappointed that face-hiding would involve whole Olympic teams.

As a unit, the most disappointing show, on pre-Olympic expectations, was put up by the South Americans who have thus far managed a second place in the women's long jump, a finalist in the high hurdles and seem to be heading, at the moment, for first place in the Decathlon.

Most disappointing individual, though food-poisoning would excuse him, is France's star free stylist Alex Jany, picked almost unanimously to win all three free style swims.

Other disappointments who rank high are Panama's Lloyd LaBeach in the two sprints, Jamaica's Herb McKenley in the 400 metres, France's Marcel Hansenne and Britain's John Parrott in the 800 metres, and, almost in a class by himself, Finland's Viljo Heino in the 10,000 metres.

Biggest upsets are Dillard's win in the 100-metres, Ceylon's Duncan White's second place in the low hurdles, Australian John Winter's

first in the high jump, Finland's Erkki Kataja's second place in the pole vault, and Sweden's Arne Ahmann's first place in the hop, step and jump.

It is not so much the men and women who succeeded that have made the London Games the biggest "upset" Olympics in the modern series. It is the impressive list of champions who failed to place even in the final, let alone the first three.

Outstanding examples are Australia's John Treacy in the sprint Canada's Don MacFarlane in the 400 metres, New Zealand's Douglas Harris in the 800 metres, Finland's Viljo Heino in the 10,000 metres.

ANTI-CLIMAX

In the field events, the high jump and hop, step and jump saw each a half-dozen favoured finalists blanked out. The former event was a terrible anti-climax to form shown over two years and the latter saw two athletes favoured for the gold medal both fail to make the first six.

The weight events only went to form. There was little to choose between, say, Thompson and DeLaney in the shot put or Rautavaara and Seympur in the javelin throw.

The women, paced by all-rounders Fanny Blankers-Koen and Michelle Ostermeyer, have lived up to the forecasts. Another highly-favoured all-rounder, Argentina's Noemi Simonetto has had to remain content with a silver medal.

At the moment it seems as though the greatest Olympic performance of all time will be set by Fanny Koen who has already two gold medals in her scorebook and is well on the way to two more with a fifth yet a definite possibility. She could have made it six if she did not scratch from the long jump.

And, contrary to all Olympic tradition, Fanny Koen is no superb specimen of an Amazon.

She is matronly and attractive. Much more so France's Michelle Ostermeyer and the standard in feminine charm is the highest in Olympic history.

ARTHUR WINT WANTS TO LEARN POLE-VAULTING

By HAROLD PALMER

I could scarcely believe the big, long-striding Jamaican half-miler Arthur Wint was serious when he confided to me that he proposed devoting a whole winter to learning the pole vault. Especially when he admitted he did not like pole vaulting.

So, he explained. He will be 32 when the Olympic Games are held at Helsinki in 1952. "I shall be too old for the half-mile then," he said, "so I am thinking about going in for the Decathlon."

The pole vault is not the only one of the Decathlon's ten events that would be new to Wint; but he believes it would be the one to trouble him most.

HIS BEST EFFORTS

This is no idle day-dreaming on Wint's part. Let me give an idea of his possibilities as a Decathlon man. Here are his best efforts at the various events:

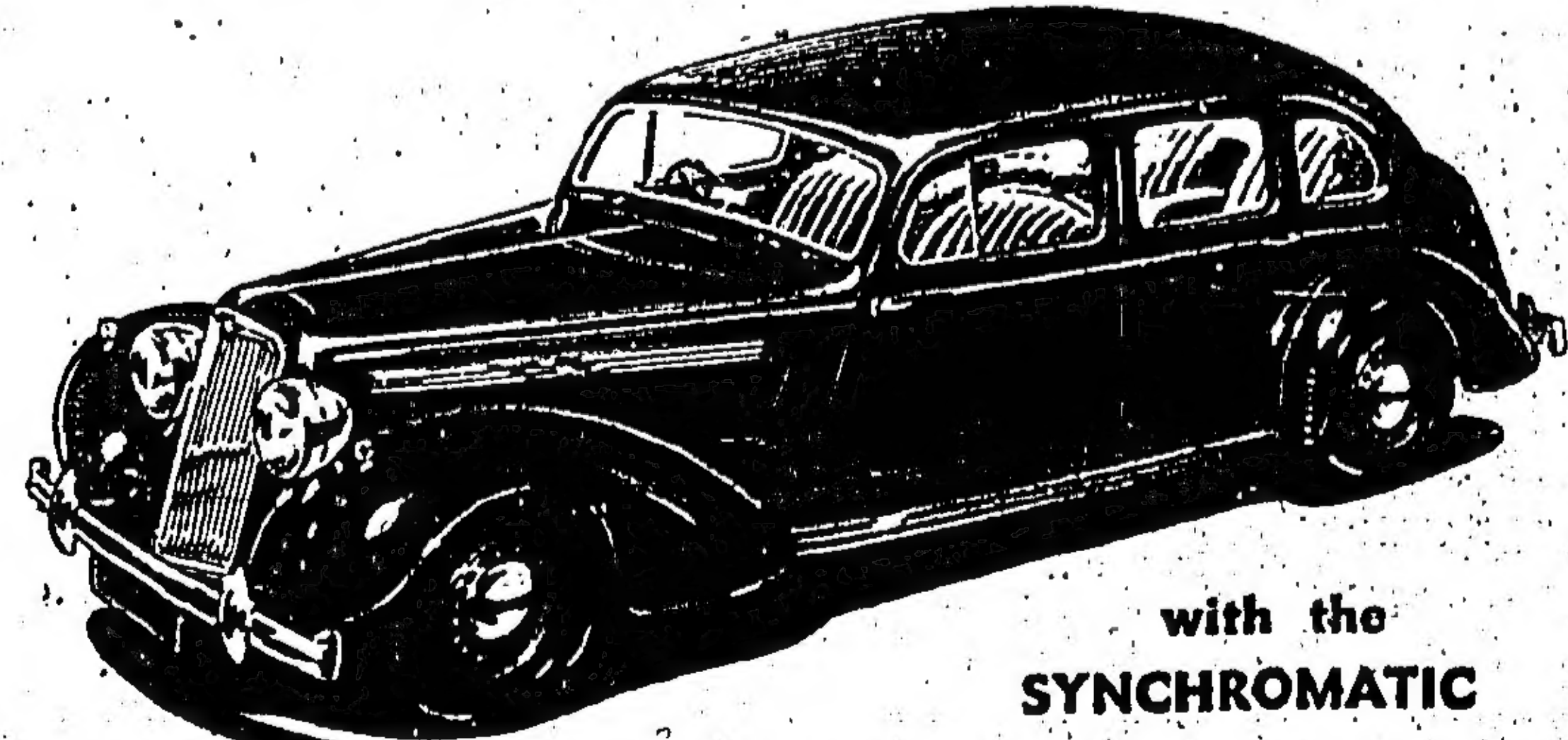
100 metres: Best time for 100 yards 9.9sec. in Jamaica.
400 metres: 47sec. in Sweden, 1946.

High jump: 6ft. when serving with the RAF in Canada.
Long jump: 24ft. 2in., still the Jamaican record.

120 yards hurdles: 16sec. when running as a junior.
He tells me he has not run a mile or 1500 metres in competition, but obviously, he would be capable of a pretty fast time.

Weight, discus, javelin and pole-vault would all be new to him. He has no idea how he would shape at them, but is quite hopeful.
At the moment his idea is to start his preparation not in the coming winter but the next one.

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